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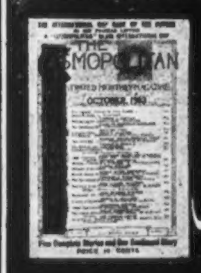

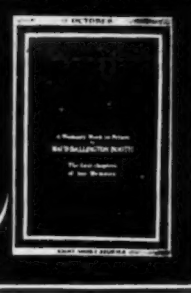

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Our Thanksgiving Number.

We have endeavored to fulfill our promise to our readers, and trust they will find this issue replete from cover to cover with interesting matter suitable to the season. Bright stories for old and young, helpful articles for mothers and daughters, suggestions for amusements appropriate for the season, information upon a great variety of subjects; all of deepest interest in the home; and it is replete with the newest and most beautifully designed of the season's fashions for women and children of all ages.

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Prize Photographic Competition.

The prize of a beautiful $15.00 camera has been awarded to Miss Margaretta Campbell, age 13 years, of 131 Zeigler street, Roxbury, Mass. Although the other photographs reproduced on the prize page are very good, we have had to take many things into consideration to arrive at a just decision. This premium offer will be shortly repeated. Watch for it.

Our New Premium Offer.

We will offer in the next issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW a $60.000 Standard Sewing Machine as a prize. We will make this magnificent offer for the largest number of subscriptions sent in by any one person before February 1st, 1904. Particulars pertaining to the contest will be given in detail in the January number of PICTORIAL REVIEW. Watch for it.

Another Premium Prize

we will offer is a bust form, which we will give absolutely free for only two subscribers, in addition to your own. You can have it of any measure. Get the January number of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Still Another Prize.

This is a PAIR OF MEASURING SHEARS, one of the most useful labor and brain saving devices ever invented. They will cut even folds, bias or straight, from a line to 12 inches wide, will cut designs for application without measuring or drawing, and will cut buttonholes any size, and evenly mark the spaces, too. Besides all this, the shears can be used without the attachment. They are of fine tempered steel, beautifully made; and will prove a boon to all who use them.

The coming year will be a busy one for the PICTORIAL REVIEW, it will be full of *The Best* every month. Subscribe now, and begin the year with a good investment.

Flat Patterns.

There are four pages of flat tissue paper patterns for you to select from, garments for all ages, from the infant in arms up. There are thirty-two new designs in addition to those already given. The styles are always in advance. You cannot go wrong.

Our Christmas Number.

Our next issue being our Christmas number it will contain much interesting matter suitable for the season, both in stories and helpful articles.

Fascinating Stories

for old and young will enliven the pages of the January PICTORIAL REVIEW.

PICTORIAL REVIEW

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE
LITERARY FASHION HOME

Published by *The* Pictorial Review Company
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DECEMBER, 1903

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Cookery.

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Lace Making.

This is so very popular a branch of feminine art that we will give in January PICTORIAL REVIEW designs for fashionable lace, with stitches and instruction for making.

Dress Making Department.

This page is open for questions from our readers; it will continue to be as practical and helpful as it has been hitherto.

Millinery.

A page will be devoted to "Home Millinery," which will be as helpful in that branch as the Home Dressmaking has proved.

An Item of Interest

is sent in just as we are going to press. The very latest novelty in accessories is a narrow plaiting of white lace set into the top of collars, in place of the long favored "turnover." This is a revival of the old-fashioned "tucker."

The Secret of Perfect Style.

Take the PICTORIAL REVIEW and make every possible use of its perfect fashions and instructions how to make up the patterns.

Stories

for the children will be a feature in the January number.

Interior Decoration

with beautiful illustrations and helpful suggestions for beautifying the home at moderate cost will be a feature of our next issue.

Stars of the Opera

and the Stage will enliven our pages with charming pictures and current STAGE CHAT.

Noted American Beauties,

and portraits of noted men and women will continue to be a feature of the PICTORIAL REVIEW.

The Brightest of Fiction.

Incidents of travel and experiences in foreign lands will be found in the LITERARY pages.

A New Series of Tissue Paper Patterns

has been added to those already issued and these will be added to every month; they are designed to relieve the home dressmaker of all difficulty and are well fulfilling their mission. Used in connection with our Home Dressmaking page, they will bring the happiest results to even the inexperienced.

Our 15-cent Tissue Paper Patterns are designed from the newest models, the best of style, and those who use them will find themselves well dressed and thoroughly up-to-date.

Clothes.

"CLOTHES and how to wear them," will be one of the subjects treated in next month's number, with special suggestions for women of middle age; and how to attain "style."

An article of special interest to mothers will be on FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

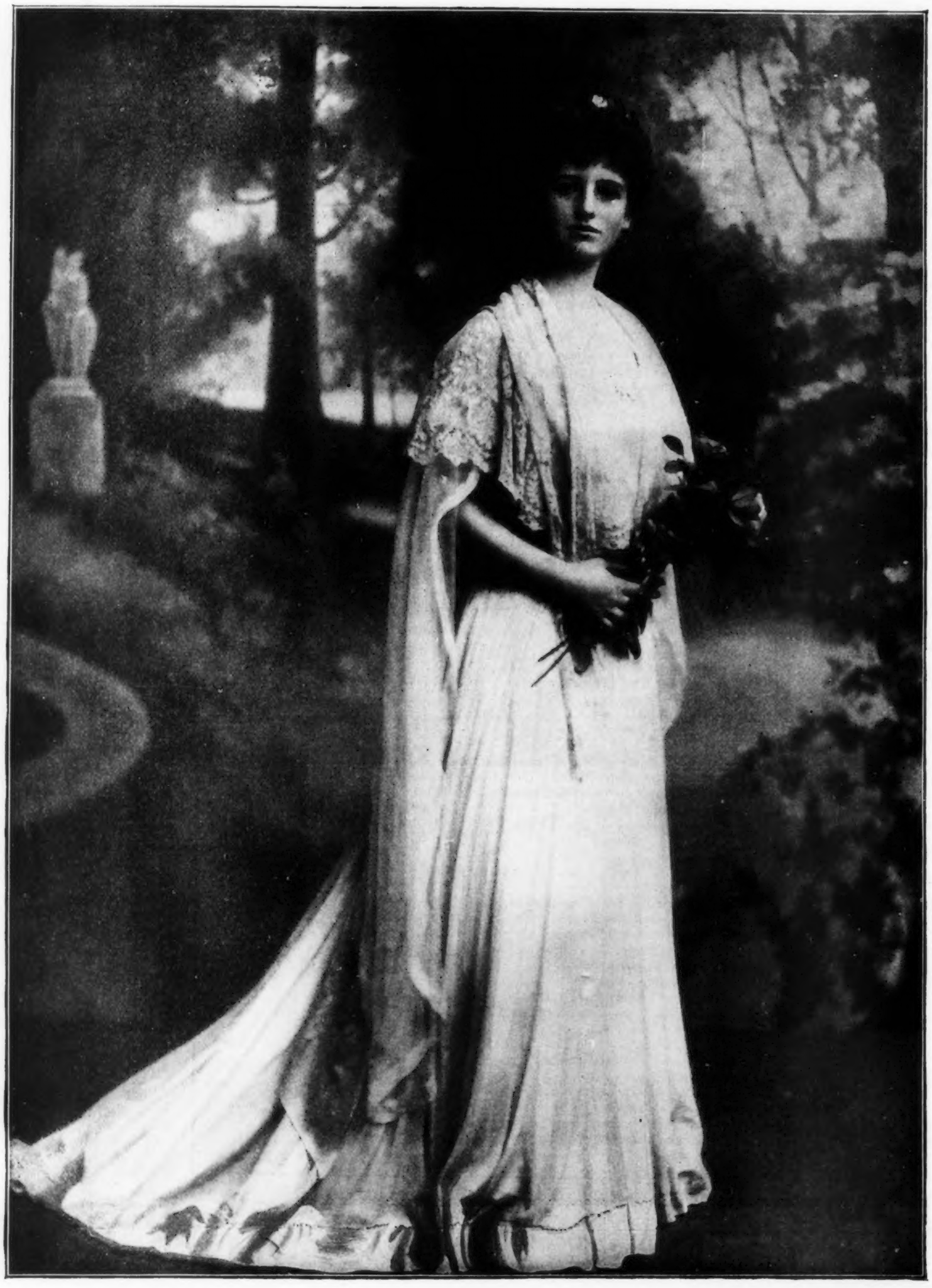
The TALK TO GIRLS will be especially for the workers who have but little time to spend on themselves.

For the Housewife there will be all sorts of helpful hints, that will lighten her labors and help to brighten her life.

Editorial Note.

Our prize offer of $50.00 for the best story not exceeding 15,000 words has brought us hundreds of replies. These will take some time to read and pass on, but the winner will be announced in our next number.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

Miss Edith Culford is one of the acknowledged belles of the most exclusive New York society. Her exceptional beauty and tall, graceful form are enhanced by her charm of manner. She is a splendid horsewoman, entering and riding her own horses at the Horse Show.

Our picture presents Miss Culford in the beautiful gown of white crepe de chine and lace, which she wore at Mrs. Astor's ball at Newport recently.

THE COMING OF A PRINCE.

By MISS MURIEL BAILY.

(Continued from November number.)

He smiled to himself. His Princess was not, by any means, without spirit or wit. "Do you know," he asked suddenly, "I have not introduced myself? To be sure there is not much to say excepting my name and that is Nelson—George Nelson; but it does not sound as interesting as Prince. You would not mind calling me that, would you?"

"Oh, no," Helen laughed. "And I like Princess ever so much better than Helen, and Miss Graham would not do at all."

George Nelson wondered if any society girl he had ever heard of could have passed such an awkward situation with such tact. Even Mrs. Graham smiled appreciatively. "We cannot be conventional under the circumstances," she said. "But you have given us a very happy time. I could almost be grateful for the sprained ankle."

"I am afraid that I have been," he answered.

After that evening Nelson came to be as much a part of their household as their furniture and quite as necessary. He invented all sorts of stories to account for the luxuries he was determined they should enjoy, and as Helen was always present, Mrs. Graham found no chance to expostulate with him. For the first time in his life he felt the joy of possessing wealth. His face lost the tired look that it had once worn, and it grew young and happy. His eyes were bright, and over the ways that he had once sauntered listlessly he now hurried briskly. If he had a business appointment he kept it promptly and lost no time in concluding it. People watched him in surprise, but no one dreamed that all this was that he might go back to that brown tenement and climb the dark stairs to the second story front, and learn his truest lessons of life from two sweet-faced women.

It was about a month after the affair of the sprained ankle that Nelson climbed the stairs again, on a sunshiny afternoon. He moved slowly, for he was thinking intently, and the problem he had to solve was particularly difficult. It was plain enough to him that Mrs. Graham was failing—the shock and pain of the sprain had been the beginning of the break, but he saw, daily, that the worry and dread of the future, and indeed of the present, was killing her.

"Something must be done to-day," he had been saying all the way down in the Elevated, but the something that could be done, had not presented itself.

It was Helen's voice that bade him enter. He looked around. "All alone, Princess?" he asked, surprised.

"Mother would go out," she said, "although I begged her to let you attend to it; but she said that she would like to try and get a little fresh air anyway, and that she would not go far if her foot became painful."

"I am sorry she went out," he said. "I thought she was not to go until I gave her permission." He was troubled, and he wondered where she could have gone—and he knew that she was not able to walk any distance.

"I am worried about her," the girl went on, and for the first time since he had known her he saw her face marked with pain. "Tell me truly, is she not looking ill? She tries to speak and act as she used; but somehow, I always feel that her eyes are filled with tears."

"I think she needs a change," he said. "Could you not urge her to go away into the country with you? Then you could always hear your beautiful birds, and the flowers would be all about you." He had taken her hand and he leaned forward toward her. If she could have seen his eyes she would not have drawn her hand away quickly, as she did; but his voice told her nothing.

"You see," he went on, "I must go away—and—why, child—why, Helen—what is it, dear?" For, with a little cry, she had risen, and now stood, groping uncertainly for some support. He rose, too, and took the wandering hand in his again, but she drew it away, and her poor face was very white. And he saw, as he stood there, that strange miracle—the change from the careless childhood to the sorrows of womanhood—and his heart was heavy. "Did I startle you?" he asked. "Have I said anything wrong?"

"No," she answered; but where was the joyous ring, and the delicious laughter?

"Helen!" he cried. Puzzled and awed, he stood away from her. A moment before he would have soothed her like a child—have stroked her hair, and kissed her forehead—now he dared not go near her, for he did not understand. So the great love comes to the pure in heart, crowning them with majesty.

"Princess," he began, and then she lifted her head and her hand and he waited for her to speak. "It is so," she said. "I have been a child, and you have thought of me as one. You have all played with me and with my heart. Because I could not see, you have thought that I would never feel. You have given me dreams, and when I try to live with them, to grasp and hold them, I find nothing but phantoms and empty air. Oh, because I am blind, am I always to live purposeless, hopeless, with no life to look to? God forbid! I had rather not live."

Her voice was so low, so steady, so vital, that it thrilled through the man's very soul, and he trembled.

"Helen," he asked, very gently, "are you not wronging us? I am no phantom, and love is not soul-deceiving. Could you really know how your mother loves you—with a love that passes understanding—you could not feel that way. And, Princess—if you cared for it—I—I love you, too. Not as a friend, dear—it is not the kind of love that you have known—it is something that I cannot control and it cries for you and your love in return. I do not believe I could ever learn to live away from you. So, you see, I have had dreams, too."

"You?" she said. "You?—I did not know——"

"Did not know I loved you?" he asked. "I have not tried to hide it. I loved you from the moment I saw you that evening when I brought your mother home. I have been afraid to tell you. You are so good and I am no better than I should be, and I am so much older than you—and yet—if you could?"

She stretched her arms to him, and he took her in his strong ones gently, lovingly. "Help me," she said, "for oh, I cannot see!"

"Do you love me?" he asked very gently. "Could you love me as my wife?"

"I have always loved you," she answered. "There is no life possible without you. But you—oh, Prince, what would you do with a blind girl for your wife—a useless bit of a woman who could only love you and love you. I could not so wrong you."

"And yet you are mine," he answered her, "and I never will let you go." All the power of his strong manhood yearned over her weakness and suffering.

"Has the sun gone down?" she asked presently, turning her head in the direction of the window.

He started. "Yes," he said; "how did you know?"

"Sometimes I can seem to feel that the darkness is a little less real," she answered. "I cannot quite explain it; but I can always tell when the sun is shining."

"I am very glad," he said. He was so sure that some day she would see, that this little assurance that there was sight in the closed eyes made it difficult for him to contain himself. "Some day, Helen, I am sure you will be glad, too."

"Yes," she said, "but I was thinking about mother."

He rose quickly, and just then the door opened. He noticed first how white she was as she sank into the first chair, and how she trembled. Then he saw that something was wrong.

"Dear Mrs. Graham," he said, "you should not have gone out without my permission."

She looked up at him. "Has there not been enough grief," she asked, "without any more?"

"What is it?" he asked. Helen stood, shocked and still, her happy face saddened again as she listened.

"I thought you were one of the city missionaries, and I wanted to see you about all these things that we should not have taken from you, and when I tried to find you they all told me that you were——"

"Yes," he said, "they told you that I had business in town, large business, if you will; but what difference does that make to us? Am I not the same to-day that I was yesterday?"

He felt how her heart must be breaking at that moment, for he knew how little able she was to cope with any problem. So he went to her and held her hands in his. "Mother," he said, "should love be sorrowful? Are you not glad that Helen loves me enough to be my wife—that we shall all go away from here together? Is there any grief in that?"

They had told her at the Associated Charities and wherever she had called that the Mr. George Nelson, for whom she inquired, was a millionaire, who occasionally did charitable work for his own amusement. "Sometimes," they had said, "we do not hear from him for a year—and he comes and disappears, as he pleases." And yet, this very man was telling her that Helen was to be his wife. She could not believe it; her heart would not take it in. She clung to his hand. "You do not mean it—you are only amus-

(Continued on page 7.)

The Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY, as it is celebrated in this country, distinctly originated with the Puritans; but the true origin of this festival dates back to the times of which nothing but the records of sculptured stone remain.

While the earth was young, and man, like the animals, sustained his life from the abundance that grew spontaneously around him, neither tilling the ground nor planting, he knew no responsibility nor reason for thankfulness. Later, as the race advanced, and for mutual safety herded together in groups, larger or smaller, as family needs and the nature of the land dictated; sowing, reaping and providing for the future became necessary. People began to worship, and by "religious" ceremonies propitiate the elements on which their harvests depended. Thus originated the worship of the sun as the beneficent deity that gave life, and fruition to the ripening grain. Thus we find the "God of Rain" propitiated with sacrifices that he may send gentle showers to swell the seeds in the dry ground, or restrain the deluge that devastates the growing crops.

Then when all was safely harvested it was surely in order to hold a great festival of thanksgiving.

Even now among the Indians of Southern America there are remnants of the once imposing ceremonials of the Incas and Aztecs; the seeds are dedicated with religious songs and mystical dances before a shrine of the Virgin Mary, or some special saint, set up in bowers on the various estates or in a "holy" niche in the humble cabin of the Indian. These still primitive people are professedly Catholics, but have grafted much of their old faith, rites and superstitions on to the new religion.

When the harvest is gathered similar ceremonials are enacted; there is much feasting, singing, and the curious emblematical dances, in which the dancers wear masks representing the ancient gods, the sun, moon, rain, the blizzard, the bull and many other things; their dances being allegories of the sowing and harvesting, and of the effects of the elements, for good or evil, to man and beast.

We find similar customs among all known peoples from the earliest ages; and they have descended through the classic mythology of the Greeks and Romans, the no less beautiful religions of Scandinavia and ancient Britain, to the present delightful feast of the "Harvest Home" of rural England and the Herbstfest of Germany.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the harvest festival was one of especial importance and celebrated with great magnificence by the rich, and to the best of their means by the poor; the tillers of the soil, whose lives depended on their crops, bringing gifts of their harvest to the priests to lay before the gods. Feasts were made, gifts exchanged, the poor fed, and in every way the festival, which lasted several days, was made one of rejoicing all over the land.

No one cleared his fields entirely of grain, some was left for the poor to glean, otherwise one could not expect the gods to bless the next year's crops.

The Scandinavians were more handicapped by nature; their rigorous climate, short seasons and frequent tempests, made the life of the husbandman one of special hardship, and they, too, consecrated the grain and held revels at harvest time, with true heartfelt thanksgiving to their gods, albeit they were heathen, for the ripening and safe garnering of their crops.

In another form these festivals still are kept all the world over. The labor and anxiety, the watching and waiting between hope and fear that the seeds will prosper and ripen and the harvest be plentiful; this when all is done brings to the people such a true feeling of gratitude that the expression of thankfulness to the Great Ruler of the universe is heartfelt and spontaneous, an expression of true religious feeling.

When the Pilgrims landed on these forbidding New England shores, that stormy day in November 300 years ago, desolation stretched out before them, sleet and snow fought against their landing, and many perished of hunger, cold and despair on that bleak coast. But they were a sturdy race, and, undaunted by starvation and cold, they built shelters, sowed their seeds, and, with stanch Miles Standish as a bulwark, fought and conquered the savages that again and again laid waste their fields and murdered their friends.

For three years they ploughed and sowed and fought the stupendous hardships that persisted in their path, and not till the third year did a good harvest bless their efforts, and freedom from the fear of starvation ease their brave hearts.

When the harvest time was over, their grains and fruits safely housed, their stores for future needs and their cattle and themselves well protected from the winter storms, what more natural than that they should set apart a day for "thanksgiving unto the Lord?" a service of praise to the good God who had brought them safely through dangers and terrors by night and by day, that we in these later days cannot even imagine.

It is well to read the history of those times that we may realize how much we have to be thankful for, how much those brave pioneers have done for us, who, in these days of peace, too often spend the day in feasting and pleasure, without a thought of its beautiful meaning, without a glance backward, not only in thanksgiving for present good, but with a blessing on the brave souls who paved the road that we walk over with ease and careless comfort.

Thanksgiving Day was with these old pioneers a day of special solemnity, services were held three times in the day in their places of worship or in their homes, the poor being invited guests to those who had enough and to spare, but, although the good things of the earth, the fruits of the bountiful harvest, were spread on the rude tables, the feast was partaken of more as a sacrament, and in the solemn dignity of a religious ceremonial.

In all things they were guided by the Bible, and fulfilled as nearly as they could the command in Leviticus: "When ye come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a handful of the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest."

Joy and the pleasure of living entered but little into the austere lives of the Puritans; their religious training made them severe, even fanatical; their religion was a part of their daily lives and entered into the smallest detail; they sang psalms and hymns to cheer themselves at their toil; everything was done "as unto the Lord," even their lovemaking!

Their sowing and reaping, their buying and selling, their wars and their often cruel judgments, all were preceded and ended by prayer.

And when the harvest failed, or savage enemies devastated their homes, they said, "It is the Lord's will," and still gave thanks that so much had been spared.

As emigration spread and the population became more mixed, the severely religious manner of keeping the day was softened, and it became a day of joyful reunion to scattered families, a day when the hearts that had special reason for thankfulness, opened in charity to the less favored, and the exchange of gifts became the rule.

Thanksgiving Day, though now a universal holiday, is very differently kept in the various states. In some of the southern states it is very little of a festival; strangely enough, it is more religiously observed than in the states where it first was kept as a day of religious thanksgiving. People exchange gifts of fruits and vegetables, give to the poor, go to church three times, and eat their thanksgiving dinner very quietly.

A. B. Y.

THE COMING OF A PRINCE.

(*Continued from page 5.*)

ing——" But she got no further, for he spoke sternly then.

"I surely mean it," he said. "I may be rich; but wealth could never deserve this pure mind and life which you have saved for me. Have I not waited and watched—hoped and trusted—that Fate had in store for me something beside man's usual portion of fashion and folly? Your burden is half mine now, and, until she has her own eyes to see with, you and I will be eyes for her, and we will live for her always."

The mother was weeping silently. The sudden lifting of the weight had made her feel how very heavy it had been. And now it was Helen's turn to be comforter. Gently she soothed her, as she would a child, showing in every gesture her womanly happiness.

They were married very quietly in the little church, whose rector had been most kind to them on their infrequent visits to his house of worship. Only two carriages stood before the door—the one in which Mrs. Graham and Helen had come, and that in which Mr. Nelson, a lady and two gentlemen arrived. Helen, waiting in the vestryroom, started as she heard the footsteps, but before she had time to question, they were in the room and she felt herself lifted from her chair.

"It is my sister, Helen," Nelson was saying; "she just came from London in time. Mrs. Graham, this is my sister's husband, Jack."

They all laughed after that, the introduction was so very incoherent, so very boyish and excited. But, as Jack Ellis explained, a man might do anything on his wedding day and be forgiven. "I did unheard-of things, did I not, Grace?" he asked, turning to his wife.

She had been looking at Helen, wondering at the marvelous beauty and purity of her face. If she had had any doubts about the strange marriage they vanished as soon as she saw her. "I do not quite remember, Jack," she laughed, "but if George behaves as well afterward as you have done, Helen ought to be forgiving to-day."

Mrs. Graham smiled. "Are we all ready?" she asked. "For I think I see the clergyman looking anxious. He has a service or some work later, I believe."

"Thoughtful, as usual, Mother," Nelson whispered, as he bent over her. "You are not sorry to give her to me, are you?"

"No," she said, "but I have never had a chance to tell you the reason of our coming here, nor of her father." Her voice faltered.

"There is no need," he answered. "Make your heart easy. There is nothing you need tell me that I do not know. And I want to introduce my friend, Dr. Howe." He turned to the tall man behind them. "He is going to see what he can do for Helen's eyes after he has helped me to get married."

Mrs. Graham looked at him in silence. She thought she had never seen quite so distinguished or so handsome a man. She felt a little dread of him as she saw him turn his eyes to Helen and look at her intently.

"George tells me that she can distinguish light?" he said, as Nelson turned away from them for a moment.

"Yes," she answered. "When she was quite small we took her to be examined, and the oculist said he thought it could be done; but"—she shook her head—"I could not bear that she should see to what we had come when her father died, and so, even if it could have been done before, I should not have wished it. But now, of course, it is different."

"I understand," he said, as they walked into the church. "And, as you say, now it is quite different."

She hardly heard the ceremony—she hardly saw them as they stood there before her. After all these years of self-sacrifice, after bearing the hard parts alone, they would open her eyes and show her child that she had deceived her. She looked at her daughter's husband as he turned to her, and she wondered what Helen would feel when she could see his face as it really was. Not that he was unhandsome, only it was not the perfect face that she had described in the days when she was trying to see the best for the child, and to make the time more endurable. And she knew that Helen had not forgotten her descriptions—as she well knew that she would never forget anything that she had told her.

"Mother," he said, "you are looking so solemn, and that will never do on such an occasion as this. Come, let us all go home. There has not been one whole hour in the last month that I have not wanted to have you there."

* * * * * *

Across the windows the rich curtains were drawn, carefully shutting out the glare of light. Helen sat in the large chair, placed like a throne in the center of the room. Her husband, his face white with excitement, held her hand, the doctor busied himself unloosing the bandages. Mrs. Graham watched him with strained eyes—Mrs. Ellis stood by the window, leaning against her husband's arm, weeping silently.

"I think we are all right," and in the strain of the silence Dr. Howe's voice seemed a relief to those who waited there.

"All right, Doctor," Helen said. She laughed a little. "I'm quite ready, when you are, and I am perfectly composed."

He lifted the bandages slowly, and she raised her heavy lids. In his excitement the doctor leaned forward to look at her, and his was the first face that she saw. She looked at him, timidly, a moment, and then she drew a long breath. "Oh," she almost whispered, "it is really true, and I can see you."

The quick color surged into his face, and he stepped back. "Nelson," he said, "it is a success."

"Helen!" he cried. He drew her head down and kissed her. She looked dazed; but she did not speak. Instead, with an expression which they could not fathom, she waited for the others, and received their words of love.

"She must be very quiet for a while," the doctor was saying. "I would rather that you would leave her now. Too much excitement will be bad for her." He came toward her again. "May I put them back now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said hurriedly. When he had replaced them she turned again. "Prince," she called softly. He went to her and put his arms about her. "Let me hear your voice again," she whispered, "and forgive me, dear, for I did not know."

"I am so happy that there is nothing in the world to forgive anyone," he answered her. She smiled again at the sound of his well-known tones. "I want mother," she said.

Mrs. Graham bent over her tenderly. "It is as you would wish, love?" she asked. "You are not less happy?"

"I do not quite understand yet," she said, seriously. "But I will soon, and I am quite happy, dear."

But the mother's heart was not satisfied. As the days passed and Helen's sight came to be an accepted fact, she noted her listlessness, and her evident avoidance of them all. No one knew how great her sufferings had been before the successful operation. She was oversensitive, perhaps; but she had so imbued her daughter with the love of truth that she felt sure that when Helen could see and understand she would judge her harshly. And now that she found that her fears were realized, at least in part, she dreaded every hour. Oftentimes she noticed that the girl closed her eyes when her husband entered the room, and that she sat so, listening to his voice. And at last she could bear it no longer. Passing the library door one evening, just before dinner, Mrs. Graham stepped in.

"George," she said, "I must speak with you."

He looked up from his paper. "Yes, Mother," he said. "I hope nothing is troubling you."

They did not hear the slow footfall, as Helen came slowly down the broad stairway in her white gown. She was weary with puzzling over the problem, and tired with trying to understand. It was all so strange, and she could not become used to the people as they were when she compared them with her dreams of them. She started as she heard voices and her own name.

"I was wrong," her mother was saying, "I can see it now. I should never have told her other than the truth; but how could I describe that dreadful place, and let her worry over the things she could not help."

Almost in a dream she heard her husband's reply. "I have wondered," he said, "if you were human, for you bore so much so uncomplainingly. I could not have borne it. Why, that first night I was with you you were hungry, and I suppose you were always so. You have nothing in the world to complain of, in yourself."

"Ah," she said, "but you—you came from all this down to that dreadful little tenement at No. 30 East —— street, and brought us to this and happiness, and——"

"Dinner is ready," said a low voice at the door, and there they saw Helen when they turned, smiling quietly. She was so quiet that they did not think she could have heard—and she was so bright during the meal that they made sure she had not.

But breakfast was hardly over the next morning before Helen had ordered the carriage. "I am going for a little drive, Mother Mine," she said. "I shall not be very long."

The coachman stared at her as she gave him the address. "Are you sure it is not West?" he asked.

"Quite sure, James," she answered.

Her face was very white as she stepped out of the carriage in front of the old brown tenement. She went up the three steps, the door stood open, and she could find no bell. She walked down the hallway until she came to a door and she knocked. The hallway was dark and it smelled of soapsuds and fish. When the door opened, and she saw before her a large, good-humored Irish woman, with bared arms on her hips, and a child clinging to either side of her, she felt sure that she was in the wrong place.

"I beg your pardon," she began; but the woman gave a cry of astonishment.

"It's the blind Miss, as sure as I live," she exclaimed; "and she's seein' as good as meself."

Helen put her hand out against the wall. "Then you remember me?" she asked.

"Remember yer pretty face? Indeed I do," she said. "Why, I used often to wonder what would become of that poor lady, your mother, Miss, of a night when she come home tired after

(*Continued on page 17.*)

THINKING IN NEW GROOVES

THE professional or business man who is told to leave his desk in the midst of his busiest season grudges the time. His "only trouble is that buzzing in the head, and that insomnia, and some indigestion"—"there is nothing the matter that the doctor's drugs cannot cure." The busy housemother, when told that she must have a change of scene, thinks of her home and family, and declares that she is the last person to need a change. Home is the best place for her; all she needs is a tonic for that constant lassitude and nervousness.

But the doctor is right; a change is needed. It in itself is often a cure, to say nothing of the relief that comes from getting away from the cares and duties of the old life. It is a wise patient who, when the doctor says, "Take a trip abroad or have nervous prostration," chooses the trip abroad. The patient thinks that he is sent for the sea voyage and the change of air, but the doctor knows that he needs something new to think about, and that he must go away from his old surroundings in order to find new food for thought.

It is well to try the remedy of change of scene, even if it involves some financial risk. A young Western woman found herself "running down" from month to month. She felt nothing but distaste for the work which she used to enjoy, she was out of touch with the friends whom she had always prized, and her whole being cried out for something new. She saw that she was "in a rut," that a collapse was ahead of her, and decided to act before it was too late. She left her work, drew her savings from the bank, bought new clothes, and took a ticket for the East. No sooner had she started than the shackles seemed to drop from her, her spirits rose, she seemed to grow younger. She went from city to city, visiting old friends, making new acquaintances, visiting libraries, studios, and picture galleries; taking trips to points of interest, and getting all there was from each place. If she read, it was along new lines; she tried to talk to people who had new ideas, and she kept her thoughts moving in new grooves. At the end of a year she went back a new person. Life had widened and broadened, and she took up her work, finding it congenial; her old friends seemed as dear as ever, and she felt that life was good. She says she means to go through life preaching the gospel of change.

Where change of scene is impossible the next best thing is change of thought. One can learn to think in new grooves without changing one's place. We go on year after year, many of us, thinking the same thoughts and saying the same thing, till it is no wonder that life seems "flat, stale and unprofitable." The marvel is that there is not more nervous prostration and insanity. Statistics show that a large proportion of insane women are found in the rural districts. This is due, no doubt, to the monotony of their lives. They not only do the same things month after month, year after year, but they think the same thoughts. It is strange that, while we see the necessity for new hats and gowns, some of us fail to see that we need new thoughts. This is necessary not only for our mental growth; it has an effect upon our physical being also. This is where the great value of the women's club lies; it stirs them up, gives them something to talk and think about. A group of women in a little town who meet from week to week at the sewing society will talk of the same things at meeting after meeting—church work and village gossip; but let them organize into a club, and they at once "take up" something. It does not much matter what it is—politics, art, history, sociology—so long as it gives them something new to think about.

We should meet new people, people who have interests and pursuits differing from our own, and strangers from other parts of the country, thus gaining new points of view. Many of us feel this need for new friends, but refuse to indulge it because we fear to be disloyal to the old ones. It is not disloyalty; it is natural and right if we are to grow. Emerson said that "a man's growth is shown by the successive choirs of his friends." And we must remember that if we enrich ourselves by new friendships and the attrition of other minds, we have something to share with our old friends.

Sometimes it takes only a trifle to set one into new grooves of thought. A book stumbled on accidentally may flash out a light that will shine on the remainder of our lives. A young woman who seemed to be met by defeat at every turn chanced upon Dorothy Quigley's little book, "Success Is For You." It was a revelation to her. She learned that she was largely to blame for her defeat, for she had been *expecting* it. She learned that it is possible to attract success or failure, and she had been all her life attracting failure. She resolved that she would *think* herself into happiness and success; she was made over, and is having the success she expects.

Another woman who wore herself out by expending all her energy on whatever she did, without regard for the importance of the task or the strength needed to perform it, read one day a sentence something like this: "Don't use a pile driver when you put a hat pin through your hat." It illustrated her own fault, and it did its work for her. From that day she was a different woman; she saved her energy when she could, using her strength and nerve force in proportion to her tasks.

Thinking in new grooves will stand one in good stead in the crises of life, in the time of great bereavement, for instance. When Goethe lost his son he plunged into the study of a new science. A lady who recently lost her daughter took up the study of Italian. As soon as she had sufficient proficiency she began to read easy Italian books, reading history, politics, poetry, the drama. She knew almost nothing of Italian history and she had no knowledge of its literature, so it opened up a new world to her. She made herself speak her newly acquired language, she taught herself almost to think it. Speaking of it afterward, she said that she had no doubt that plunging into the study at the first shock of her bereavement had saved her reason.

Even if one must see only the same things and think about the same things, one can see and think in new ways. The cults that insist that "thoughts are things" have much sense on their side. It is in a large degree true that "there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." A young woman who usually spends her summers in the country found last summer that she could not leave town, although her whole being cried out for "green pastures and still waters." She resolved that she would not think about the noise and din of the city, would look on the bright side and try to find all the beauty possible. She moved to a house facing one of the little parks and set up her easel in a hall room. Her window faced the park, and she could see trees and grass and the fountain. She kept a half-dozen pots of old-fashioned flowers in the window-sill and "made believe" that it was a garden. She read books on nature all summer, and that brought her pleasant thoughts. She trained hersef to watch the sky from her window, whenever she had a few moments to spare, and she found beauty in things which she had overlooked—the poplar trees growing along the block through which she often passed, the ivy growing on the church, and the wistaria on a neighboring house. She got through the summer very comfortably, and laughingly confessed that she had gotten more out of that little bit of nature than she had from some summer sojourns in the country. She had thought of out-of-door things, and it was almost as good as being there.

These instances go to prove that it pays to watch our thoughts. They have an important bearing on our well-being, both mental and physical.

(Try Our 15 Cent Patterns. See page 51)

Loretta's Conscience.

By Frances Rhys.

LORETTA hated her name. It would have been bad enough to be named after her grandmother, but to wear the names of both grandmother and grandfather was a little too much. Grandfather Brown's name was Lorenzo; grandmother's was Henrietta, and Mrs. Graves, their loyal daughter, named her baby girl after both. The name was much admired in the family connection, and Mrs. Graves was considered but little short of a genius for inventing it. The only person who did not appreciate it was its possessor. She used to cover whole sheets of her copybook with pretty names, such as Alice, and Margaret, and Isabel. She never thought of herself as Loretta, but as Rosamond or Genevieve. It was some comfort to have a poetical name for her private life, but it was something of a shock to hear, "Loretty, Loretty, come and wash the dishes."

As Loretta grew up there came more serious things than her name to trouble her. Her father had died during her early childhood, and she grew up on her grandfather's farm. But farming had ceased to pay, or Grandfather Bowen had forgotten how to coax plenty from the rocky soil, and before Loretta reached her teens there was a mortgage on the "old place." The mortgage increased year after year. Unpaid interest added to the original debt, and when Loretta was sixteen the farm passed into the hands of their nearest neighbor, Deacon Crossman. Now the deacon, who, by the way, had the distinction of being the youngest deacon ever known in Middle Hebron, was acting well within his rights in foreclosing the mortgage. Indeed, the men who sat on cracker boxes in the corner grocery and discussed everything from potatoes to Presidents, said that he had been very patient. Loretta's grandfather, poor old man, said so too, as he moved from the old home to a tiny house just across the road. Not so Loretta. She could not forgive the deacon. Deacon "Cross-Man" she called him at first, then dubbed him Deacon "Cross Patch," and she refused to speak of him in any other way. She had an almost uncontrollable desire to shake her small fist at him when he passed the contribution box on Sunday, and as she dropped her copper offering into it she tried by her icy manner to show the deacon the disapproval she felt.

Despite Loretta's displeasure the deacon prospered. The farm, which had so long been known as "the Bowen place," changed its aspect entirely. The buildings were painted, the horses and cattle grew sleek and fat, and, somehow, the deacon managed to gather generous crops from the fields which yielded such scanty returns to Grandfather Bowen.

The deacon was a bachelor, and he lived alone in the big farm-house with an elderly widow to do his housekeeping. He did not change the house, and for that Loretta was thankful. She did not object to paint and new window blinds and a piazza. The old-fashioned flowers rioted in the garden and the old trees were unmolested. Loretta was thankful for that too.

Loretta was eighteen now, very pretty and graceful, despite the fact that she never had been able to dress as well as some of the other girls. She might have had her share of suitors from among the young men of the neighborhood, but pride held her aloof from the social gatherings and she devoted herself to her family. There were overtures from Deacon Crossman, but Loretta promptly snubbed him. When he called in what she chose to consider as a neighborly fashion, she left him to talk about crops and the weather with her grandfather. She would not touch his offerings of honey and fall pippins, though the older people gladly welcomed anything from their old home.

Loretta taught the district school and her small salary was the principal source of revenue for the family. Her mother died soon after they left the farm, and then most of the housework devolved upon Loretta, for her grandmother was old and feeble. It was a gray life that stretched out before the girl, but she tried to meet each day bravely for the sake of the old people.

Loretta was feeling unusually discouraged one November afternoon. It was Saturday, and there was no school. She had swept and dusted the tiny house and had taken her work-basket out behind the house and was about to attack the family mending. She threaded her needle, but instead of sewing she looked across at the deacon's farm. The fields smiled in the afternoon sun. All spoke of prosperity; even the chickens and turkeys prospecting for food in the nearest field looked contented. The sight of the turkeys made Loretta think of Thanksgiving. The day was fast approaching and Loretta knew that her scanty means would not admit of its observance in the old time way. Baked beans or "picked-up" codfish was the best they could afford now. Picked-up codfish for Grandfather Bowen's Thanksgiving dinner, and on the other side of the stone wall the fat turkeys strutted and gobbled. "By good rights every one of them should be ours," Loretta said half aloud. She forgot the mortgage and the accumulated interest, and Deacon Crossman,—no, Deacon Crosspatch—seemed to her like a robber. "All these turkeys are the grandchildren and great grandchildren of old Spotty, the turkey that grandmother gave me just before Deacon 'Crosspatch' took the farm," she said, beginning to darn a stocking. "I've a notion to help myself to one. I don't believe it would be so very wrong."

The words had not left her mouth before Loretta was shocked at saying them. She began to darn very fast, first moving so that she sat with her back to the turkeys, and she worked busily until it was time to go in and fry the codfish cakes for supper.

An idea once entertained is difficult to be ousted from the mind, and the gobble of the deacon's turkeys sounded in Loretta's ears for the next few days. She resolutely refused to allow herself to look at the farm as she passed it on her way to and from school. She told herself that baked beans were quite good enough for poor people, and that she ought to be thankful for so much.

As she put the beans to soak on Wednesday night her grandfather looked up and asked, "What you doing, Loretty?"

"Putting the beans to soak for to-morrow's dinner," said Loretta, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Somehow, it don't seem right to have baked beans for Thanksgiving. Always used to have turkey and all the fixings. Seems as if I sort o' long to taste turkey again."

"I'm sorry, grandpa, that you can't have it," and Lorettta locked the kitchen windows and put out the cat for the night.

The old man crept up the stairs repeating, "I sort o' long to taste turkey again."

Loretta went up to her tiny room and lay down on the bed without undressing. Presently the house was still, and she sat up. Her heart was hammering against her side as she crept down the creaky staircase, unlocked the back door and crossed the yard. The moon shone full on the deacon's chicken house, it was locked, of course; the deacon was a careful farmer, but there was a trick about the lock, and Loretta remembered it. "Oh, I can't; I can't," she said as she stood before the door, but she seemed to hear the patient old man in the next house saying, "I sort o' long for a taste o' turkey," and, the lock turned. Noiselessly a turkey was snatched from the roost and hidden under her shawl, and swiftly she crept back to the little house.

No, her head did not ache, nor was she ill at all; she explained to her grandmother when she questioned her about her wan face. She insisted upon getting the dinner herself, and she locked the others out of the kitchen. Great was the surprise when they saw a beautifully browned turkey upon the table. "It's a surprise," was all that Loretta would say in explanation. Her grandparents supposed that the treat had been saved for from Loretta's scanty salary, and they ate it with thankfulness. Loretta would not eat any of the turkey, nor did she touch it when it appeared, warmed over, at two successive dinners.

Loretta did not seem like herself after that Thanksgiving, and long before mid-winter she looked like a sick girl. The anxious grandmother was sure that she was going into "a decline." Later she gathered herbs and brewed "spring medicines" which Loretta obediently drank; but

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PROMINENT SOCIETY WOMEN.

MRS. GEORGE WIDENER.

MISS SUSAN QUAY.

MISS LENA SMALL.

MISS EUGENIE WHITE.

Mrs. George Widener is the wife of a prominent Philadelphia financier. She is one of the most beautiful of the young matrons of society, an intrepid horse-woman and charming hostess.

Miss Eugenie White is a well-known Chicago society belle. She is a regal beauty, and a leader in her set.

Miss Lena Small is considered one of the most beautiful girls in Chicago; her vivacity and charm of manner makes her much sought after in the best society.

Miss Susan Quay is a daughter of Senator Quay; she is a highly gifted young woman; her sweet disposition making her beloved by all who come within the sphere of her charming personality.

HELEN'S THANKSGIVING STORY.

By ANNIE GILCHRIST.

"OH, dear! how could you forget such a 'portant thing, Helen Chesney?"

"I don't know, Teddy," Helen replied, ruefully, looking at the manuscript in her lap. "I suppose it was because I have so many things to think of."

"I should fink you'd rather fink about writing a story to get money to buy turkey and plum pudding for Thanksgiving than to fink about teaching kool," said Todd, wisely.

"The money for the story would only have bought goodies for one day, but the school-teaching money buys bread and butter and roast beef and shoes and trousers for all the days," said Helen, as she put the story in a pigeon hole of her desk.

"Couldn't you send it to another editor man?" asked Teddy.

"Ted, dear, it is too late to hope to have the story used this year. It was too late when I wrote it. I sent it to the editor hoping that he might find a corner for it, but he says that he can't possibly use it. I'll send it out early next year, and perhaps it will buy next year's turkey and plum pudding. Don't feel so bad, laddies. Helen is sorry for your disappointment. We'll do the best we can and we'll have a jolly Thanksgiving. Let me see. We'll have a mince pie and some celery and a tumbler of mother's jelly and some nuts. Instead of a turkey we'll have a beefsteak pie. Who says that isn't a Thanksgiving dinner fit for a king?"

"A beefsteak pie doesn't have any wishbone," said Teddy.

"Perhaps we can have a chicken. I'll see what I can do after paying this month's bills. Now I must get supper. Who wants to help me set the table?"

"I 'spose I can help," said Ted, slowly. He could not quite forgive Helen for being too late with her story.

It was not to be wondered at that with all Helen Chesney had to do she had forgotten to write a Thanksgiving story. Her salary as teacher was almost the entire support of her widowed mother, two little brothers and herself. She had a large share of the housework to do, for her mother was quite an invalid. This fall Mrs. Chesney had been seriously ill, and nursing had been added to Helen's household tasks. The teaching had been done by a substitute for several weeks. The loss of salary and the bills of physician and druggist had made serious inroads upon Helen's slim purse.

She had done considerable writing in a modest way, for several years, and the checks received for the articles and stories had been devoted to little luxuries and pleasures—the Thanksgiving dinner, the little trip to the near-by sea in summer, or a new piece of furniture. Since Helen's stories were associated with such pleasant things the boys were always glad to see her at her desk. They had counted on the Thanksgiving dinner ever since the noise of the fire-crackers, bought with a Fourth of July story, had died away, and now they had to hear that Helen had forgotten to write a Thanksgiving story in time to have it published.

The boys went to a kindergarten in the morning, and in the afternoon, unless the weather were very disagreeable, they usually played under the big tree in the back yard.

On the afternoon following Helen's announcement that there would be no Thanksgiving turkey, the playhouse under the tree was deserted. About two o'clock, while Mrs. Chesney was taking her usual nap, the two boys, dressed in their new winter caps and reefer coats, stole out of the back gate and walked hurriedly down the street. They trudged on bravely for half an hour, when Todd remarked faintly, "It's an awful long walk, Teddy. Do you 'spect you have lost yourself and me."

"No. I haven't lost anything. Jimmy Jessup said if we'd follow the blue car we'd go right straight to the place, and we've seen blue cars all along. There's one now."

"Where's the editor man's house? I hope we're most there, 'cause my legs are tired."

"It's quite a little farther. Jimmy said it was right by the square where there's a stone man on horseback. We haven't come to the square yet. If you are too tired to go on you can sit here and wait."

"No; I'm going to the editor. You needn't act so grown-up, Ted Chesney. I spoke first about going to see a editor."

"I thought about it first, but I didn't say anything, 'cause I thought Helen wouldn't like to have us take her story out of her desk. But I guess she'll be so glad when she sees the money that she'll forget to be mad. Let's rest a minute on this stoop, then we'll go on."

The great editor of the great magazine called *The Cycle* looked up in surprise when the office boy said, "Two little boys to see you, sir."

"There is some mistake, I think, Holmes. Go and see what they want."

The boy came back, smiling. "They say they must see you, sir, 'bout something very 'portant."

"Send them in. Some one has sent them with a contribution, perhaps, and they feel in duty bound to deliver it directly to me."

They came in, two sturdy little fellows not at all abashed in the presence of the great man. Teddy, as usual, was spokesman.

"We came to see you, sir, about Helen's story. I'm Teddy Chesney, but my real name is Theodore. Todd's real name is Thomas Todd Chesney, but he is called just Todd most always. I'm a year older than he is. We were so disappointed because Helen sent her story too late to have it printed this year in your Thanksgiving paper. Helen should have written it sooner, but she's pretty busy now that mother is sick. Helen has to wash the dishes and take care of mother, and there's all the stockings to mend. Todd and me do scuff awful holes in the knees. You see, if we don't get the money for this story we can't have any real Thanksgiving dinner. A beefsteak pie hasn't any wishbone, and mince pie isn't half so nice as plum pudding with holly sticking into it. You know how you would feel if you couldn't have any turkey for a whole year. I 'spose you can have turkey most every week. Editors have a great deal of money."

The editor, whose physician kept him on a diet of whole wheat bread and chopped raw beefsteak, smiled. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand," he said kindly. "Sit down and tell me the whole story."

"Helen's story?" asked Teddy.

"No, your story about Helen's story."

"Why, don't you remember that you sent Helen's story back because it was too late to print it in your Thanksgiving paper? Please, sir, do take it. Helen has written a great many stories for your paper."

"She has?"

"Yes. She said last night that you have printed eight in two years. She had a splendid story in the Fourth o' July paper; it bought lots of fire-crackers."

"And ice-cream and crackeroons," interposed Todd.

"Maccaroons you mean. He always calls 'em 'crackeroons,'" Ted explained, "and it always makes Helen laugh."

"What did you say your sister's name is?" asked the editor.

"Helen Mae Kenzie Chesney. She's got black hair, and she's twenty-four years old."

"I don't remember the name," said the editor, half-aloud. Then he rang

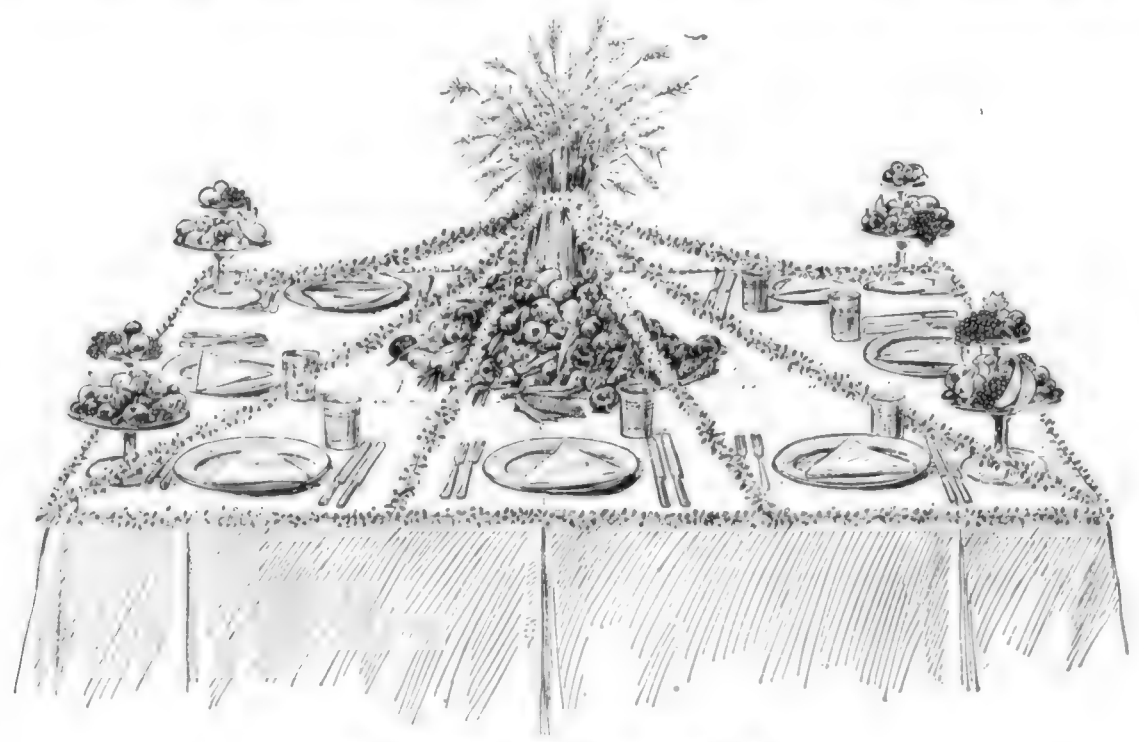
(*Continued on page* 13.)

A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

By ANNA BEN-YUSUF.

ONE finds, as the years pass, more and more seldom the keeping of this most pleasant festival in the merry old fashioned way. The dear old homesteads are fast disappearing, fewer and fewer are the large family gatherings, for the young people go so far away nowadays that many a loved one's chair remains vacant, and a shadow seems to hang over the board that was once so gay.

Last year it was the writer's good fortune to be a guest in an old homestead in Westchester for Thanksgiving Day. The farm had been one of the largest in that section, the present owner having been born in the quaint old colonial house; but he had long since built for his growing sons and daughters a handsome house lower down near the railway.



THE DINNER TABLE AT THE OLD FARM.

Piece by piece the old place was sold; a beautifully laid out cemetery now stands on part, and the last was purchased by a millionaire, with the proviso, however, that the family might spend one more thanksgiving under the dear old roof, which had echoed for so many successive years to the revels of young and old. The old fashioned furniture was all there, so the beds were aired and tables and chairs polished, the old clock oiled and set going, and the whole house decorated with branches of richly tinted foliage from the neighboring woods. Branches of dark green spruce, laurel and nut boughs, with the tempting kernels still attached, were put up in every available spot, and the deep sills of the little old-fashioned windows were banked with fruits and vegetables from the garden, in beds of green and russet leaves.

Dried apples and red and green peppers were festooned from the rafters, and late asters, chrysanthemums and brilliant hardy geraniums made spots of color in every available vase and bowl. And everything was from the old garden and wood, costing nothing but the loving labor that arranged them so tastefully. In the open fireplaces all over the roomy old house logs sputtered in cheerful blaze, in harmony with the merry chatter of the young folks.

But the long dinner table was the chief object of artistic effort. In the middle was a "piece" made of a small sheaf of bearded barley, and piled around this in a mound were brilliant red tomatoes, carrots with their fern-like green tops, white turnips and onions and other small vegetables, green asparagus vine shading the whole with its soft feathery green. Four high glass dishes set in the wide part of the corners, were piled high with fruits, ruddy red apples, green and purple grapes, luscious peaches, and new nuts, with leaves laid between. From the center wild honeysuckle vines ran out all over the table in lines to the edge, which was entirely encircled by the same vines, and at each plate lay a flower. The party being large, a round table was similarly decorated, and at this the children were seated.

Everybody knows what the old-fashioned thanksgiving dinner consists of. This turkey weighed twenty-eight pounds; it took eight hours to roast in the big old fashioned bread oven, it was as tender as a chicken, and was garnished in orthodox fashion; nothing was lacking, no detail was overlooked, for the "housemother," with her four daughters and two maids had been busy for two days preparing everything. The turkey was stuffed with chestnuts and apples, and garnished with sausages. All the vegetables and the pumpkins for the old-fashioned pie came right off the farm, and the rich elderberry wine had been made by Grandma two years before. The orchard also provided the cider, pressed only a few days before. It was just a good substantial old-fashioned dinner of turkey and various vegetables, not forgetting the ruby clear cranberry jelly and crisp, white celery, and finishing with the pumpkin pie and plum pudding. Nuts, fruit and wine were left on the tables for every one to help themselves during the day.

[Receipts for preparing the turkey and other dishes will be found on page 27.—ED.]

When all were assembled around the tables, with Grandpa and Grandma in the places of honor, they sang the simple old grace, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits," etc. Then all sat down, and the eldest son carved the grand turkey, others around the table dispensing the rest of the good things, so that all might be quickly served.

Last of all came the big plum pudding, which was dispensed by Grandpa. In its rich, brown mass were hidden a gold ring, a silver thimble and a silver coin. The one who got the ring was to be married first, the thimble doomed its finder to be an old maid or old bachelor, and the coin was a token of wealth to its finder. Grandpa himself found the thimble, little six-year-old Mabel found the ring, which she promptly put on her *thumb*, and the coin was found later by a farmhand, who shared the good feast with the rest of the "help." Of course, there was much laughter about it, and when the final "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" had been sung by all standing, Grandpa asked for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and that set the frolic going.

Outside the snow had begun to fall, which made the warmth and bright cheer all the more delightful, and old and young set to work devising games and fun. First one then another sang a song, accompanied on the little old piano; then there were recitations, in which the children came to the front, a little fellow of ten reciting the "Landing of the Pilgrims."

A MERRY GAME OF "FEATHER PUFF."

The girls and young men had prepared some charades and tableaux,

(*Continued on page 17.*)

HELEN'S THANKSGIVING STORY.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

the bell and dispatched the office boy for the book where the manuscripts were entered. "Chesney, Helen," he said, running through the C's. "There must be some mistake. Just then he remembered *The Circle*, a weekly paper published in the same city. He understood now. The children had confused the names.

"We thought that as Helen was such an old con-contrib——"

"Contributor?" suggested the editor.

"Yes, that's the word she said—only she isn't so very old—you might 'cepted the story and kept it for your Thanksgiving paper next year. Don't you think you can, please, sir? We can take the money to Helen and 'sprise her."

"Humph! Let me see the story. Did you bring it?"

"Of course," said Ted; and Todd echoed, "'Course."

"You read it once, 'cause you said it was a good story," said Ted, taking the manuscript from under his reefer.

"Let me see it again, then. You boys may look at that big square book—it has pictures—while I read the story."

"Will it take very long? 'Cause Helen always gets back at half-past four, and we have to help her get dinner. Jimmy Jessop said we'd have to step pretty lively to get home before Helen." "It's only three now. I think you can get back in time," said the editor, as he glanced at the address at the head of the story.

Presently he said, "I'll keep this story and use it next year."

"Will you give us the money now, sir, please? Helen likes to be paid right away, and this is a very partic—'lar 'casion, on account of the Thanksgiving dinner. Turkeys are very dear this year, and if you could pay quite a good deal for the story I'm sure Helen would be 'bliged."

"I think she will be satisfied," said the editor smilingly, as he wrote an order. He rang a bell. "Take that to the counting-room and ask to have a check made out at once," he said to the office boy.

Presently the lad returned with a pink paper, which the editor gave to Teddy. "This is a check in payment for your sister's story," he said kindly.

"I'd rather have the money, please, sir," said Ted.

"But that check is just as good as money. Your sister can get money for it at the bank. She will understand. If there should be anything wrong about it you may bring it back and I will give you money for it," said the editor, as Ted hesitated.

Ted's face brightened. "All right," he said; "we are ever much 'bliged. I know Helen will be glad. Will this paper get enough money at the bank to buy a big turkey? We want a big one, 'cause Helen always asks people to dinner—people who don't have turkeys."

"I am quite sure that the people at the bank will give your sister money enough for a very big turkey. Now, I think you had better take a car home if you wish to get there before your sister. Here are two nickels, and Holmes here will put you on the car. Be very careful when you get off. Good afternoon. I hope the turkey will be good."

Helen reached home before the boys, and she was not a little anxious about them. "Where have you been?" she demanded as they entered the kitchen.

"We've been out on business," said Ted, importantly. He took the check from the pocket of his reefer and handed it to Helen.

"What does this mean?" asked Helen, as she unfolded it.

"We went to see a editor," said Todd, who could not be kept in the background any longer. He felt that Ted presumed on his one year of seniority.

Helen's face flushed, as she looked at the check. Ted's heart stood still. "The man said it was just 'zactly as good as money," he said.

"And he hoped the turkey would be good," chimed in Todd.

"If it isn't all right I can take it back and get money for it," said Ted anxiously.

"It is all right, but how——. Come here, boys, and tell me all about it."

"That's just what the editor said—to tell him all about it, and I did. I mean we did—Todd told some. We told him how bad we felt about the turkey, and we asked him to please take the story and use it for his Thanksgiving paper next year. And he's going to."

"But who told you where to go?" persisted Helen.

"Jimmy Jessup told us the way, and we dressed ourselves and went. It was a long way, and once Todd thought we were lost."

Helen sat with her eyes fixed on the pink paper. The boys were not quite sure that all was right. "He said it would buy an awful big turkey," said Todd, and Teddy added, "Say, Helen, you'll buy a great big one, won't you?"

"I think so," said Helen absently. She went about the kitchen getting supper like one in a dream. Her little story, written for *The Circle*, to be accepted by the editor of the great *Cycle!* It seemed impossible, and yet there was the check. It would buy a big turkey, to say nothing of a barrel of flour and winter flannels. If there should be any mistake Helen felt that she could not stand it. The next morning brought a letter from the great magazine. Helen opened it with trembling fingers:

"My Dear Miss Chesney—Your little brothers sold me a story of yours this afternoon. It is a very good story, and I trust that you will have no objection to my keeping it. I dare say that the check reached you safely.

"Very truly yours,

"Editor of *The Cycle*."

It was Saturday, and Helen was free from school. She called to the boys, "Get your caps, and we'll go to the bank and get the pink paper cashed, then we'll go to the grocers and get some things for the Thanksgiving dinner."

"The turkey?" asked both boys in a breath.

"That will come later, but we'll get citron and raisins and 'sugar and spice and all that's nice,' for the plum pudding. The turkey will surely come later, the biggest one we have ever had."

"It *was* a good check, wasn't it, Helen?" said Ted, as they left the bank.

"Yes, the best check I ever had," said Helen, squeezing his hand.

"And you aren't a bit mad 'cause we took it to the editor?" asked Todd.

"Not a bit," said Helen merrily. "To tell the truth, laddies, I am very much obliged to you."

THE END.

GAMES FOR A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

THE GAME OF THOUGHTS.

PEOPLE who want something novel to amuse them should try the game of Thought Reading. Some persons can readily do this trick, but to others it is impossible, hence a good deal of amusement is caused by the efforts of would-be mediums.

The person elected to be It goes out of the room, and the company select one among themselves to be the "Confederate." They then decide on what shall be done. They may decide on a word or short sentence, which is to be written on a slip of paper, folded up quite small; and when the "Medium" is led in blindfolded, the "Confederate" takes both his hands, clasping the paper in one. All must think intently of the words on the paper, and nine times out of ten the "medium" will think of the word.

Or some object is hidden by the "confederate," everybody looking on, and the blindfolded "victim" is led by the "confederate" to the middle of the room. Then all intently think of the article in its hiding place, and quite often the "medium" will turn towards it, as the magnet to the north, and find and name the object.

THE GAME OF RHYMES.

Give each player at the table a sheet of paper and a pencil (with a rubber top). Each one must select, mentally, a line of poetry and write it at the top of her paper, instantly folding it over, so that it cannot be seen, and pass it to her next neighbor, whispering to her or him the last word of the quotation. Each player on receiving the paper and whispered word must write beneath the fold a line to rhyme with the word given, and another with a different ending, which is in turn whispered as the paper is again folded and passed on. For instance, Miss A. writes, "The curfew tolls the knell of passing day," and whispers to Mr. B., on her right, "The last word is *day*." He writes beneath her hidden line, "Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden, *say*?" and beneath this, "Come into the garden, Maud," folding it over and passing to his right-hand neighbor; he whispers, "The last word is *Maud*."

When the folded papers have twice gone round the table, each one opens the paper they hold, and in turn read aloud the contents, which are always intensely funny, but often quite clever.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD, NOW PLAYING IN "OLD HEIDELBERG."

STAGE CHAT.

THE dedication of the new Lyric Theatre on October 12th, by the appearance of Mr. Richard Mansfield, as Prince Karl, in "Old Heidelberg," was one of the most important events of the opening season. The play is not a new one, but as staged and interpreted by Mr. Mansfield, and his excellent company, it is an artistic triumph. Mr. Mansfield, both as actor and stage manager, has given "Heidelberg" a new interest for English-speaking audiences.

The simple love story of the young prince, the thrill of student life, the joy of unrestrained youth, the roistering lads with their real dogs singing their finely rendered old German student songs, in the old Inn garden at Heidelberg, are scenes that will never be forgotten; and brought tears of joyful remembrance to many eyes in the big audience. Mr. Mansfield so well knows the value of local atmosphere, that everything in this delightful play breathes the reality of the old German university town and its jolly student life.

MISS FAY TEMPLETON, WITH "THE RUNAWAYS."

Even those who have seen "Erminie" many times will be glad of the opportunity to listen to its tuneful numbers, and see again the one and only Francis Wilson as Cadeaux the "Little Thief," a character that is identified with his name.

Miss Margaretta Silva charmingly portrays the heroine; her rendering of the well known songs is a delight to listen to.

MISS MARGARETTA SILVA, AS "ERMINIE."

"Ben Hur" is again attracting large audiences. This wonderful story of Biblical history, with its many magnificent scenes in the Holy Land; the forceful action, the gorgeous costumes, and its marvelously elevating influence, transports the beholder to a long past time, which is a revelation in its imposing splendor.

Mr. Harry Woodruff, who plays "Ben Hur," is a great favorite; not only with the "Matinee Girl," but with all who are privileged to see this stupendous production.

Miss Fay Templeton is going on tour with "The Runaways," so that others besides New York audiences may have an opportunity of seeing this inimitable actress. Her imitations of other popular favorites is wonderful; she catches the little peculiarities, the tone of voice and even facial expression, so that one actually sees the person represented. "The Runaways" is a succession of beautiful stage pictures, movement, and good songs, from beginning to end.

MR. HARRY WOODRUFF, IN "BEN HUR."

LORETTA'S CONSCIENCE.

(*Continued from page 9*)

she did not improve, though she still "kept school." Her step dragged more and more as the summer advanced, and when the winter term of school began she was unfit to teach. She kept at her post, however, though there were complaints that her work was falling below the standard. The criticisms terrified her. She pulled herself together and tried to interest herself in her work, and make amends.

The deacon called frequently this fall. Obviously Loretta was the attraction, if attraction there could be in her pale, thin, face. The grandfather looked pleased when the deacon came, and one evening he inquired, after the visitor had left, if the deacon wasn't "shining up" a little. Loretta frowned and changed the subject.

Thanksgiving Day was again drawing near. The grandparents now and again spoke of last year's turkey. Loretta knew that they hoped for another. She was pained to disappoint them, but there could be no turkey this year. Some hoarded savings in her top bureau drawer equaled the price of one, but that was consecrated to another purpose. She had suffered for nearly a year in the knowledge that she was a thief; now she would confess and clear her conscience at any cost. She would go to the deacon, give him the price of a turkey and make a full confession. What could happen next she had no idea. Perhaps the deacon would have her arrested as a thief. He was known as a man who would give the last quarter cent and who would demand it, as well. The fact that he had been trying to pay court to Loretta would, she thought, make him all the more severe. He would be horrified to know that the woman he wished to honor with his attention was a thief. Loretta admitted to herself as she lay awake, troubled with her thoughts, that she might have cared for Deacon Crossman if she had not stolen the turkey. That he cared for her she knew.

Thanksgiving-eve arrived. The old people went to bed and once more Loretta stole out of the house and hurried over to the deacon's. The window shade was raised, and she saw him sitting at a round table before the fire, the cat upon his knee, a plate of apples and a glass of cider at his elbow.

Loretta paused with her hand on the knocker. "I can't," she said. "But I must. I can't endure this burden of guilt. I must confess and ease my conscience."

The deacon opened the door. "Why, Loretta, is anything wrong over the way?" he inquired kindly, leading the way to the sitting-room.

Loretta shook her head. "The only wrong there is I have brought with me. I must confess; my conscience will not let me keep my secret any longer."

"Wait! Drink this. You are ill." And the deacon poured some wine into a glass and held it to her lips.

Loretta drank it because she could not help herself. He began to chafe her cold hands, but she snatched them away. "Don't, please don't. When you know the truth you won't—you will dispise me. Listen, I am a thief!"

The words she would have added choked her, and the deacon broke in: "I know it. You are a turkey thief. You stole a turkey from my poultry house a year ago to-night. I stood in the shadow of the barn and watched you. I hope it was a big and tender one. I wanted to ask you, but it wouldn't have been exactly—tactful." The deacon broke into a pleasant laugh as he said the last word. Then he slipped on his knees beside Loretta and took her hands. "Oh, my poor little girl, how you have suffered! Forget it all. Everything I have in the world, with myself thrown in, is yours if you will have it so. Don't be so miserable over that turkey."

"You can't make it right by saying this. *I stole.* But how I have suffered!"

"Loretta, is this the cause—is this why you have grown so thin and wan? Is it mental and not physical ill that has changed you?"

Loretta bowed her head. "Is it any wonder that I am ill—I, a thief? I can at least pay you the worth of the turkey. He weighed ten pounds. Turkeys are worth fourteen cents a pound. Ten times fourteen is one dollar and forty cents, and the interest for one year would be about eight and one-half cents. Here is a dollar and forty-nine cents. Please take it. If you think that I should be brought up before the church I am willing. I am a wicked girl."

The deacon took her in his arms. She struggled a little but he held her there. "I'll take you before the church to have the marriage ceremony performed. I think you owe it to me, Loretta, after stealing one of my turkeys. I've wanted you a long time, dear. Couldn't you care for me a little? I've suffered, too, this year. I saw that you were overburdened, but you kept me at a distance."

"I had to. There was that turkey between us."

"The turkey is paid for. The transaction is a regular business one. You can't call yourself a thief any more, and you've got to stop torturing yourself. I shall take you in hand now. We'll have the old folks over to Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow and we'll announce our engagement." The deacon paused, evidently, for Loretta's answer, but she made none, and he went on, "Don't hold out against me any longer, dear. I can't stand it. Let me make you happy."

"I have no right to be happy—that turkey."

"I told you that turkey is regularly paid for. The affair is closed."

"But when I took it—it wasn't paid for. I shall never be able to look a turkey in the face again."

"Then we'll banish every one of them from the farm. You are a very silly child, Loretta, to be so morbid about this matter. I look at it in this way. You knew that the farm, turkeys and all was yours if you would have it. If I hadn't offered myself to you in so many words it was because you wouldn't let me. You knew that I wanted you, didn't you?"

"Yes," Loretta assented.

"Then it is a very simple matter. Last Thanksgiving you helped yourself to one of your own turkeys, but you did not invite me to dinner. It amounts to nothing more than that; if you will only see it so. Oh, Loretta, don't spoil our happiness because of that bird! Haven't you paid me fourteen cents a pound for him, with interest? I'm a lonely man, and I need you, dear. The house is big enough for Grandfather and Grandmother Bowen, too. Come, let's be happy. I believe in your heart you do care for me."

It all seemed so natural and human that Loretta felt herself wavering. After all, why should she walk the rest of her life under the shadow of her sin? She had confessed, she had made restitution. Had she not earned the right to forget the past if she could? She put her hand in the deacon's and he kissed her triumphantly, and she made another confession.

"Wait till I get my hat," he said as he let Loretta out of the door a few minutes later.

"You needn't go with me; it's only a step."

"I am going to see you past my poultry-house, Loretta," said the deacon, chuckling. And Loretta actually joined in his laugh.

Book Reviews.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr., is one of the most charming of the new books. It is the story of a boy of unknown parentage, brought up roughly in the wild Kentucky mountains. But the good blood in him urges him to win an edcuation, and he rises by his own efforts to the rank of a Union officer in the Civil War. Later he learns his parentage, becomes prominent in society, and marries the daughter of an old Kentucky family. The book is replete with brilliant, forceful scene pictures, full of local color. The Civil War scenes are, of course, more or less familiar, but the scenes in the cabins on the mountains are full of tender pathos and humor; and the trial scene, on which depends the life of a dog, is a delightful piece of word picturing.

Dr. Conan Doyle gives us in his new book, "Gerard," some pretty bits of French character, which he handles with gentle sarcasm. But he also shows his admiration for certain French traits. The story is of the time of Napoleon, the "Little Corporal," whom Gerard idolizes. The weakness and greatness of Napoleon's character are well drawn; and the pictures of the time envelope the mind in an atmosphere of romance. It is one of those books one hates to lay down.

A delightful book for young girls is Elizabeth Bisland's "A Candle of Understanding." It is the story of a Southern girl brought up on a plantation, among all the weird tales and superstitions of the Southern negroes. It abounds in incidents. The title is taken from a verse in II. Esdras, xiv., "I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart," which later, when "Marion" adopts the stage as a profession, lighted her back to her home and her childhood's lover.

"Letters Home," by the ever popular W. D. Howells, is one of the most entertaining of his novels. The heroine is a bonnie whole-hearted Western girl, with her free, semi-barbarous ways; and her companion and chum is a quiet, very learned New England girl, who is just as self-contained as the other is impulsive. Of course, there is a pretty love story; the hero is a weakling, whose character, or want of character, is excellently drawn. The "Letters Home" are full of most delightful expressions of the views of various people about matters and persons new and strange to them. It is an entertaining volume from cover to cover.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's new novel, "The Long Night," is just as fascinating a story as he has ever written. It is a historical novel, telling how the free city of Geneva escaped capture by the Duke of Savoy. It is written in a quieter style than some of his works, but more truly a classic, that will keep its place in the bookcase when others have been forgotten. There are some dainty love scenes woven into the story of battle and stress.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "The Five Nations" is a new book of poems. Some are of the Boer war period, others, such as "Our Lady of the Snows" and "The Truce of the Bear," are in his best vein; while others are in the quaint doggerel he writes so well.

EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waist $1.50, skirt $1.50. Complete costume, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A556. Afternoon gown of grey cashmere, trimmed with grey silk and dyed lace of same color. Surplice waist. Skirt is gathered at the waist to fall in ample fulness, and trimmed with bands of silk and flat bias ruffles. A silk girdle finishes the costume, made to hook at the back.

A557. Evening gown of white lansdowne, trimmed with Irish lace insertion. The waist is gathered at the pointed yoke. Short puff sleeve. Three-piece skirt is gathered at the girdle and under the wide insertion, leaving the lower edge flat, to give the elegant fulness that is now so popular. Skirt and waist are tucked in groups.

THE COMING OF A PRINCE.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

walking all the long way to carry home the work. And I often used to beg of her to come and take a cup of tea along of me and my man; but she would not be leaving you long enough, and so I'd just carry it up to her."

"She never told me how far she had to go with the—work," she faltered. Surely she must be dreaming—it could not be possible that they had really lived here!

"She went miles and miles," the woman answered, "to some rich lady. But she never went no more after that young man brought her home when she hurt herself, and now that she don't have to want she has been that good to me that I'll never again say it don't pay to be kind to folks what need you. She comes to see me very often; but I did not think as how you would come, and I take it real kind."

"I am glad I came," Helen said truthfully. "And now, could I see our old home? Would you mind if I just looked in a moment? I was very happy there."

The woman seemed to understand. "Certainly, Miss," she said; "right up them front steps, and you'll find the door at the top of the first flight."

Helen smiled, but she looked very tired. "Thank you," she said, and she pressed a note into the woman's hand, and then hurried away to the staircase.

"These are the steps," she was saying to herself, as she noted every blemish, "that he climbed every day, and this is the place he took me from." She fairly scourged herself with her thoughts as she opened the door, and looked upon the barrenness of the place. The thought of her mother, with her delicate nature, working and going hungry, and being able to see and feel all this, filled her with unbearable pain. She sat down on the window ledge, for the room was empty, and looked about. Then she turned her eyes across the street, to the window opposite, and she started as she saw the tall form of a man there. And when he saw her a great gladness came into his eyes. She stood near the window and listened as she heard his footsteps on the stairway. There were tears in her eyes, and she held out her arms as he came to the threshold of the door.

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad."

He put his arms about her, and looked earnestly into her face. "Helen," he said, "how did you know?"

All the great tenderness and love of his whole soul for her was in his eyes, and the light of a great happiness was in his face. It seemed to him that they were back again in the old days before any doubt had come. She looked at him wonderingly, and she put her hand, caressingly, on his cheek.

"My Prince," she said, "how handsome you are!"

He put his head down on her shoulder. "Oh, Princess," he said, "I so feared that you thought——"

"I am not blind any more," she whispered. "Now I can see."

"And the mother?" he said, remembering.

Her lips trembled. "Let us go home to her," she said.

MURIEL BAILY.

THE END.

A NEW PRIZE AWARD.

We will give a prize of five dollars for the best reply to the question, "Why do I like the PICTORIAL REVIEW?" Some like it for one thing, some for another; we want every one to find just what they want in its pages.

A second prize of three dollars will be given for the next best answer, and a one year's subscription to the three next best. Address letters, The Prize Editor, PICTORIAL REVIEW.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill,
The old brown house is clinging;
Like last year's nest, that is lone and still,
Though it erst was filled with singing.
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet,
And their trilling, childish laughter,
The merry voices were sweet, oh! sweet,
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The cherished darlings, one by one,
From home's safe shelter flying,
Went in the sheen of the morning sun,
Their fluttering pinions trying.
But oft, as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,
They haste to the dear old home once more,
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With hand the dim eyes shading,
And the flush of girlhood tints again
The cheek that is thin and fading.
For her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kisses their guerdon,
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,
Or bowed to the task and burden.

Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group,
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care,
To whom such grace is given—
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer
Holding them close to heaven.

For her as she clasps her bearded son,
With a heart that's brimming over,
She's tenderly blending two in one—
Her boy and her boyish lover.
And half of her soul is reft away,
So twine the dead and the living
In the dear old home wherein to-day
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads, dark and golden;
The childish laugh, and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden.
They bring again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she gathered her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion;
Over this lull in the eager strife
Love hovers, Eden-fashion.
In the old brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living.
And ever where honest hands have wrought
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

(*Continued from page 12.*)

some half dozen participating, the rest of the company forming the audience, who sat in the parlor, the dining-room, which opened out of it making a capital stage.

One word chosen for a charade was "Puritan," which was carried out as "Pure," "eye," tan." For the first syllable a milkman was represented coming along with his basket of glass jars. A detective accosts him and declares he saw him at the village pump, and that he doubts his milk is pure. Then there is a discussion ending by the detective tasting the milk and pronouncing it "pure."

The second syllable "eye" was very funny. A young man and woman are walking very lovingly along, he is just framing the words of a proposal when a cinder flies in his eye, and between his struggles with the pain inflicted by the intruder, and his efforts to gracefully continue his tender theme, the audience were treated to a clever and laughable bit of amateur acting.

The last syllable "tan" was given by a bevy of girls in summer costumes, discussing their summer's fun and admiring each other's "tan." The entire word was given in a tableau, representing the charming picture of John Alden and Priscilla at her spinning wheel. The man, with golf trousers adapted as knee breeches, steel buckles fastened on low shoes, a big felt hat and a long mantle of Grandma's was capitally done. Priscilla's costume was copied from a picture of the period, and the old spinning wheel was a relic of past days in the house.

Then followed more tableaux, the audience being expected to guess the subjects. "Pilgrims going to church" was easy; capes, caps and short skirts for the girls, and the useful golf trousers, etc., for the men; brown and gray canton flannel and white muslin, with a couple of hired wigs of long hair, were all the expense incurred.

After the lamps were lighted games were introduced. One of the most amusing of these was "Feather Puff." This is played by all who can get a place sitting on the floor, or on chairs, and holding up with both hands the edge of a sheet, and blowing with their mouths a feather from one to the other. The game is that the feather must not drop on the sheet; before whomsoever it falls must pay a forfeit; and after ten minutes of feather fun, the forfeits are called, with the usual old-fashioned laughter provoking "punishments."

"Singing Chairs" was another good game in which nearly all took part. All are provided with chairs, set in two rows, back to back, leaving a "gangway" between. But, *one chair is missing.* Now someone leads a march and winds in and out back and forth; another playing a march or dance on the piano. Suddenly the music stops, and all drop into the nearest chair, the one who is left standing paying a forfeit, and leading the next march.

Soon the children showed signs of fatigue, and were put to bed upstairs, and the quieter evening amusements of the older people took the form of checkers, dominoes, and cards;—"Cribbage," "Beggar-my-neighbor," "Old maid," etc.—played for nuts! The sound of singing and the soft tinkle of the ancient instrument mingled with the laughter and talk, and a deal of love making went on in quiet corners.

Outside the snow gleamed in the moonlight, and when the departing guests drove away they were followed by cheers and laughter from the old vine-clad porch, which will never again welcome a Thanksgiving party.

NEW COATS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—coats $2.00.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A506. Cloak of broadcloth, 42 inches long, with cape; collar and cuffs of broadtail, trimmed with rich passementerie; embroidered facings; narrow shaped ruffles on bottom and on cape.

A507. Cloak of black cloth, 48 inches long; yoke of broadtail, extending into stole front; triple shoulder cape, slashed on shoulder, showing fur; trimmed with large fancy buttons. Long tabs in front buttoned down to coat. Cossack back.

A508. Military coat of black broadcloth, 42 to 45 inches long; fitted back; straight front; double-breasted effect with deep shoulder cape; bishop sleeve. Loose cuff and shaped collar of green cloth; trimmed with soutache in Roman colors.

These girdles were designed expressly for PICTORIAL REVIEW. Price of pinned patterns for each separate girdle 50 cents.

FASHION CHAT.

THE outdoor wrap is no longer a simple coat just to add warmth; it must be an artistic garment, be it coat or mantle. In the fitted coats the distinguished "Louis" models are the favorites, these coming in various lengths and in a variety of fabrics. Coats to match costumes are frequently cut in this style, and others in black, dark blue, or tan, are worn as separate garments. Those made of velvet, with three-quarter length skirts, set on from a belt at the waist, are particularly stunning, as they can be given the correct flare and yet retain the slightly bloused waist. These coats have large full sleeves, with "Louis" cuffs. Handsome revers of white cloth or silk, richly embroidered, trim the fronts, the same decorative effect being introduced in the cuffs. Handsome clasps close the belts, and buttons to match appear on the lapels and cuffs.

The loose coat, both long and of three-quarter length, has renewed its vogue; it is indeed too comfortable to be discarded. Of course the new models show new lines, and new treatment generally; as will be seen in the many beautiful designs given in our pages.

Then there are the wonderful new mantles: some with real sleeves, others having an over cape that forms "angel" sleeves, falling away from the hands in the most graceful folds. Rows and rows of stitching, stitched bands, heavy lace in bands and medallions, bands of embroidery, and rich touches of gold, or other metal effects, go towards the decorative schemes shown in these elaborate garments.

The military capes and coats, which are so useful as well as smart, are sure to find favor. They are mostly made in dark greys and blues, with facings of red cloth, and gold buttons. Some show a little gold braid or embroidery, which gives a *chic* touch to these severe garments.

The street suit of all one material is just now the favorite, and with warm interlining in the coat will hold its own all winter. For morning and rainy day wear the skirts are cut clear of the ground, rather clinging to the knees, with just enough flare to be graceful without unnecessary fulness. The seams are stitched, and straps and buttons form what little trimming there is.

The coats for these suits are of three-quarter length, simply made, the skirt falling in plaits or ripples from the bloused waist, divided by a waist band. In these coats the plaited skirts are unlined, but the flare design is lined, because it needs the support. The collars are high and stiff, in the popular military style, with cuffs to match, and large silver or gold buttons.

The materials are such as will stand rough wear, such as tweeds, cheviots, homespun and serge, which is again much in favor. The preferred colors are greys, browns, dark blue, and the quiet, useful mixtures, with a touch of light or bright color in the trimming of the revers and cuffs. Facings of bright blue or red cloth, with black and white braid trimming are very smart; but should harmonize with some thread in the material.

The high belt is a very important feature of the season's accessories, and we therefore give designs for several with this article. They are, of course, made on canvas foundations, and are cut to fit the figure and match the costume.

A is a high belt of taffeta silk, with stitched edges; the fronts are wrinkled and drawn smoothly at the closing; the back is finished with bows. This is suitable to wear with an afternoon or evening frock.

B is a silk girdle, trimmed with narrow bias folds worked with French knots, closed invisibly in front. This can be made of velvet or cloth also.

C is a velvet pointed girdle, with white cloth straps, and handsome long silver buckle in front and silver buttons on straps. This is a very handsome girdle, and can be worn with a variety of costumes.

D is a silk belt with tabs in front; the back is ornamented with large fancy button; the edges are feathered stitched. This is very easily made; the tabs are a novel feature.

E is a novel high belt of crêpe de chéne, with points on the sides, shirred at the closing, and finished with sash tucked and trimmed with lace applique, or embroidered with silk. This is a charming addition to an evening gown, and can, of course, be made in other light materials.

F is a silk girdle, laid in folds, with strapped edges and bow, trimmed with steel nail heads and fancy buckles. This is very pretty for a slender figure.

G is a velvet girdle, with silk sash, shirred at the closing, trimmed with lace insertion and passementerie rosettes and pendants. This is a very handsome corselet girdle, suitable for a slim figure.

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EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waists, $1.50; skirts, $1.50; complete costume, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A511. Evening gown of Peau de Crépe. Drop yoke of silk all-over lace, extending to point of high girdle, edged with ruffle of lace. Close fitting elbow sleeve, finished with ruffles of lace. Skirt shirred at belt and trimmed with lace insertion forming medallions—narrow flounces at bottom.

A512. Crépe Etoile evening gown—pompadour effect—trimmed with lace ruffles and insertion. Full front of mousseline de soie, finished with deep ruffle over shoulders. Tight-fitting elbow sleeve. Skirt, with panel front of plaited mousseline de soie. Trimmed at bottom with bands of puffing, insertion and two lace ruffles.

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We must, however, again say that these patterns are not intended to supersede our cut-to-order pinned paper patterns; each department filling its own want.

For our coupon this month we present our friends with a beautiful design for an evening gown, which will be found suitable for a variety of materials, crepe de chine, voile, or the beautiful and durable new peau de crepe, which is 26 inches wide at $1 the yard, and comes in all the lovely new shades.

As not every one cares to wear a low corsage, a high necked lining is given, which can be replaced by lace to match the cape, or a yoke of tucked or shirred chiffon; undersleeves can be added to match the yoke.

Eleven yards of material are needed for the skirt, and 3 yards for the corsage, of 26-inch material; besides the lace. It will take 3½ yards of two or three inches wide lace insertion of a pretty scallopped edge design, to go around the points, 2 yards for the sleeve flounces, and either an entire cape of lace or 1½ yards of lace matching the insertion, 8 inches deep. The cape can be cut out of web lace 22 inches wide, 1¼ yards being needed, then the edge must be finished with a tiny edging.

The cape and sleeve flounces can be of the material and cut out designs of lace appliqued on; or they can be of silk muslin or batiste with the lace appliqued on. Of course all must be of one kind of lace. This must be very neatly done, so as not to pull the material, but if carefully basted it can be machined down. The lace medallions on the skirt are appliqued on the material, but this can be cut out and replaced by mousseline de soie, which will give a very much lighter effect.

The flounce is 26 inches deep and 6½ yards long, and is finished by a hand-sewn hem 1½ inches wide; it is gathered under the points, which can be stitched round. The lining must fit the figure, but the material is put into the band with gathers, except the front breadth, which is plain. The skirt pattern consists of four pieces, the flounce, front gore, side piece and belt. The lining has four pieces, front, side and back gores, and flounce, but the lining and outside material are joined only at the points, the hem of both being finished separately; but both are set into one belt.

The lining may be of silk or lawn

COUPON PATTERN.
Evening Gown. (See page 3.)
Size 36. Price, 20 cents.

as may be desired. If of lawn the hem of the lining should be finished by a silk ruffle to match, or a ruffle of the material.

The upper part of the skirt must be cut lengthwise of the material, folding it evenly for the middle of the front breadth, for the rest put all selvedges towards the front and slants towards the back. The flounce is cut on the straight; the breadths must be cut the right length, and joined. It is slightly shaped.

Follow carefully the directions given, fit together corresponding notches and you will achieve satisfactory results.

Red lettering on the pattern indicates where it should be laid on the straight or bias of the material.

The waist has a fitted lining, a very beautiful new French Princess model, which should be neatly boned—but not too high up. The pattern consists of five pieces: front, back, and sleeve of the material, cape and sleeve flounce, ribbon, silk or panne velvet being used for trimming. There are seven lining parts, which can be made to fasten either in front or at the back, but the front will be found most convenient, as it fastens invisibly. The front of the material is slightly bloused, but the back fits smoothly.

Of course the decolletage can be raised or lowered at will by cutting a little lower, or cutting out less.

Should one prefer to make the gown of voile, it will look well to stitch the hem and put in two or three tucks above, also stitched, allowing for the tucks in cutting the flounce; press on the wrong side when finished.

In pressing the seams, etc., of silk, crépe or any delicate material, put a thin cloth, or piece of tissue paper between the material and the iron, such seams must not be dampened.

Never spare the basting, the more care is given in fitting and basting, the easier the finishing will be. Never stitch a seam till perfect. Baste with rather close stitches or the joins will spread.

Sew the hooks and eyes on the lining so that the hooks set in ⅛ of an inch, and the eyes stand the same distance beyond, then it will close perfectly. Leave the under-arm and shoulder seams till the last to close. The outside material must close invisibly. Sew the hooks on before turning over the hem, and make the eyes of silk buttonholed.

Of course the neatest way to finish seams is to bind them, but if they are over-sewn it should be neatly done, so that the garment will look nice inside as well as out.

If featherbone is used for the waist the ends should be bound over before the cut pieces are slid into the bone casing; begin to sew them on at the bottom of the waist, and stretch the material well along them, sewing up each side of the casing. This can be done by the machine; but if done by hand, put small back stitches on the right side and long ones on the back of the seam.

In fitting a delicate waist, pin dress protectors under the arms.

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HIGH NOVELTY MATINEE AND TEA GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—tea gowns, $2.00; tea jackets, $1.00.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A527. Matinee tea gown of figured challie trimmed with applique lace and rosettes of ribbon. Cut with facing of silk and long front panel of lighter shade of silk tucked at bottom. Round cape collar finished in front with rosettes. Flowing sleeve with tucked-under sleeve of light silk.

A528. Silk tea gown trimmed with bands of lace insertion. A cut surplice front with deep ruffle over shoulders, narrowing to waist and falling in jabot down side of skirt. Fullness of gown held by silk cord at waist. Bishop sleeve with gauntlet cuff and ruffle of lace. Double gathered flounce on skirt.

A529. Tea jacket of Japanese silk. Pointed cape collar and bands of silk in plain color, edged with narrow lace ruffle, kimona sleeve.

A530. Cashmere tea jacket—accordeon plaited—drop yoke extending down front as plaits—round collar in stole effect of silk. Kimona sleeve faced with silk.

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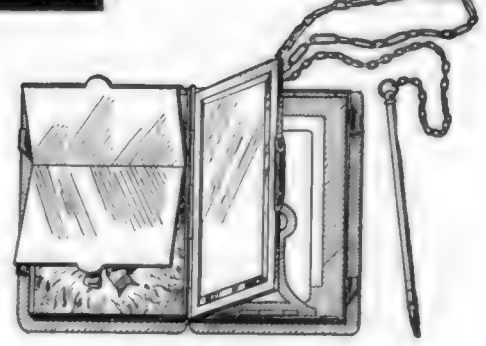
SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

[NOTE.—Readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW inquiring names of shops where articles are purchasable should inclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply and state page and date. See illustrations on this page.]

THE shops are all decorated for Thanksgiving; things suitable for gifts are displayed on all sides, and the array is so varied and tempting it is most difficult to make a selection. There are useful things in abundance, but the silverware counters, the jewelry, bags, pins and such pretty accessories attract the greatest crowds. It is marvelous what pretty things one can get for a really small outlay. I saw the new kid crush belts, with good leather-covered buckles, for 49 cents; that is much cheaper than one can make them. These very chic belts are about five inches wide, of soft kid in various colors (but black is best); one end is cut straight and sewn on the belt; the other end is pointed, and is drawn through the buckle to the required size; these should be long enough to allow of the deep front dip, which is such an improvement to any figure.

2.

Wrinkled silk belt, with clasp in old silver.



1

Compendium cardcase with tablet, mirror and powder puff. Gold and turquoise.

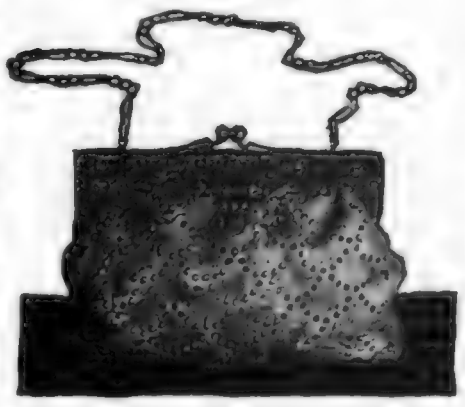
Then there are wide, soft silk belts, that wrinkle when they are adjusted; these come in many different prices, according to the quality and the value of the clasp. Some of these clasps are real works of art; cut steel, old silver, Roman gold, enamel, rhinestone, etc., the designs being from old Italian, Egyptian and Mexican decorative ideas. A handsome silk belt with old silver (imitation, of course) clasp, can be bought for 98 cents and upward.

Brooch pins, as they are called, are used not only at the throat, but to fasten belts of ribbon at the waist, collars at the back, and fichus and capes; and are of the distinctly new type, of which we give an illustration.

3

Brooch pin, for belt, throat or wrap, in Old silver or Roman gold.

A very nice thing to give as a present is a handbag. There are many new designs in German silver, from $1.50 up, but the nicest are in dull suede, either worked in beads or hand painted, which many ladies are doing themselves, because it so much enhances the value of a present to have some personal work put in. However, these beautiful bags can be purchased from $2.50 to $4.00 each. There is a perfect treasure of a shopping bag just come out; it is rather larger than the usual handbag, contains a purse to match, a little cologne bottle, a card case, and some even contain little necessaries for traveling. These handsome bags can be bought from $4.50 up.



4

Grey suede kid hand bag, silver clasp and chain, embroidered with silver beads.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Parties representing themselves as connected with PICTORIAL REVIEW should always be asked to produce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

DENTACURA TOOTH-PASTE

endorsed by 3,000 dentists, is the best.

It cleans the teeth, heals and hardens the gums, sweetens the breath and by destroying the harmful bacteria of the mouth, really becomes TOOTH INSURANCE. At all druggists, or direct for 25c.
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Sample Bottles Given Away

of the NE PLUS ULTRA FACE BEAUTIFIER that eradicates all facial blemishes, removes wrinkles, tan, freckles, blackheads and liver spots: become beautiful by a simple and inexpensive treatment, which defies detection. If the hair is gray, prematurely gray, bleached or dyed, the Royal Windsor French Hair Restorer (which is not a dye) will restore it to its original color. Send for free sealed circulars containing testimonials and price list. MME. CAROLINE, Face and Hair Specialist, No. 219 6th Ave., New York.

ONLY 10c POST PAID.

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Learn without a teacher. Saves time and worry. Attach in a minute. State kind of instrument. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price 50c., postpaid, for 25c. Illustrated catalogs, with net prices on every known musical instrument, **SENT FREE** if you state article wanted. Write to-day.
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 306 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

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The most fashionable silk dress fabric of the day. Suitable for all occasions.

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See that the name PEAU DE CRÊPE is woven in the selvage. If it's not there it's not

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The secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure.

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AURUM CO., Dept. G. K., 55 State St., CHICAGO.

EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waists, $1.50, skirts, $1.50; complete costume, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A513. Evening gown worn by the Baroness Von Orendorf of crepe-de-chine accordeon plaited—Waist, with yoke and surplice front trimmed with vandyke points of lace and rosettes of velvet ribbon. Sleeve with three ruffles edged with ruching with cap of lace. Skirt with four deep ruffles edged with ruching.

A514. Gown of printed chiffon trimmed with black point d'esprit lace and velvet ribbon deep girdle, flaring sleeve worn by the Baroness Von Orendorf.

USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HOME.

BURNS are such frequent and painful accidents that simple home remedies that are immediately available are among the things every housekeeper should know.

Scrape or grate a raw potato quickly and bind the pulp like a poultice on the burn. Or make saleratus into a stiff paste, spread on a cloth and bind round. Both these remedies are cooling, will soon draw the fire out and, if care is taken, the blister will not break. The water in the blisters helps to form a new skin and should be kept as long as possible.

Many people keep a bottle of linseed oil and lime water on a shelf ready for use in case of burning, but it is not as cooling as the first named remedies.

* * *

Persons who suffer from car sickness should carry with them sliced raw potato wrapped in waxed paper and chew it slowly; it may prove efficacious when other remedies fail.

* * *

A little too much salt will sometimes spoil a tureen of soup that has taken long preparation. This can be remedied by adding a raw potato sliced up, and boiling the soup a few minutes longer when the potato will absorb much of the salt.

* * *

Not everybody knows that an unripe bunch of grapes put in with every four ripe ones will ensure firm jelly. Try it.

* * *

Now that cranberry jelly is to be made, it will be a help to know that the seeds can be removed by cutting each berry in half and letting cold water from the faucet run through them in a colander for a few minutes.

* * *

To save making hot biscuits every day put the stale ones in a paper bag, sprinkling in a few drops of water. Twist up the end and put in a quick oven for a few minutes, or on an asbestos mat on the stove.

* * *

To select a pineapple see that it has a green top, and that a leaf comes out easily when pulled. *Twist* the green top off the fruit if you wish to keep it for a day or two. Slice with a silver knife, steel turns it black.

The tops of pineapples make very pretty pot plants if set in moist earth as soon as pulled from the fruit. They resemble the aloe and are really very decorative.

* * *

People throw away their old kid boots, not realizing that even the tops of these can be turned to excellent use. Cut out the two sides as large as they will allow, round or square the ends and lay them between folds of thick cloth for ironing holders; binding round the edges with cloth or braid. As the heat penetrates the leather less, the holder need not be so thick.

* * *

So many women suffer from aching feet from standing to iron. If they will make a pad large enough to stand on of many sheets of newspaper laid one on the other, and sewn through to keep them together and lay over one side a bit of carpet—to stand on in winter—and a piece of linen floor cloth on the other for summer use, they will find much comfort, and less fatigue.

* * *

So many odds and ends can be brought into use in a household, not only for utility but for ornament. Oddly shaped or prettily colored bottles make good flower vases; and large plain bottles can be converted into jelly glasses. To cut off the necks wrap several times around the place to be cut a cord soaked in kerosene oil, stand it in a safe place and set fire to the cord. When it has burned out, plunge the bottle into a pail of cold water and gently tap the neck, when the bottle will break off at the burnt cord. Window panes, or picture glass can be cut in the same way, or by marking with chalk and scoring with a red hot knitting needle.

* * *

There is nothing like being far from a store to find out how ingenious and clever one can be. A farmer's wife "way off," found the bottom of her large iron pail rusted through. She took some heavy linen canvas and some paint, left over from housepainting, and with these unlikely materials made her pail "as good as new." She cut the cloth a little larger than the bottom of the pail, spread the paint on this thickly, pressed down inside the pail, and put another thick coat of paint over the cloth. When dry it held water perfectly!

* * *

How easy it is to spill oil on the carpet or floor and how hard it is to get out; and if not gotten out it will continue to spread. Fullers earth, made into paste, left a few days then brushed off and repeated, will sometimes do the work, but this is rarely at hand, and buckwheat flour, or even wheat flour will answer as well if thickly put on—dry—, leave it a few hours then brush up and put on more, it will absorb the oil and leave no stain.

* * *

Save all fat scraps for soap. Try them out, and when you have a quart of solid grease melt it in a big pot; when just warm stir in a half-pint can of lye; stir till nearly cold, then pour into a flat pan, an old roasting pan will do, and cut into squares convenient for handling. A little ammonia makes it more soluble. It is fine for all household uses, but not for the toilet or bath.

* * *

When stopping at a hotel, or traveling by rail or boat, take the precaution to *wash the soap*. Skin diseases are easily contracted through soap.

* * *

Moths can be easily kept out of rugs and carpets by brushing around the skirting boards a little naphtha about once in two weeks. Use a small paint brush, and be sure there is no light or fire near. The edges of rugs, carpets, mattresses, and trunks in which woolen clothing is kept should be similarly treated now and then.

* * *

Blotting paper saturated with oil of cedar, laid in trunks and presses, will prevent moths and Buffalo bugs.

♣ ♣ ♣

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

We want all our friends to get the next number of the PICTORIAL REVIEW and get their friends to take it, as it will contain our NEW SPECIAL PREMIUM offers for New Subscribers. Offers that are unprecedented in any magazine and are more than worth trying for. It will surprise you.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

It is timely here to state that we have in no way altered our magazine in combining THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE. Our policy is not changed. We have merely added a literary department.

Our fashions are still the best, and we continue our regular home departments, in addition to which we have engaged the best fiction writers to give us stories.

Every Woman Should Read This

"Most wonderful preparation in the world."
—Dr. Monroe

"Does more for my complexion and form than anything I have ever used."—Anna Held.

Thousands of Testimonials
All speak in the highest terms of

DR. CHARLES Flesh Food

FOR THE

FORM AND COMPLEXION

This famous preparation has many imitators, but there is nothing like it on the market. It has stood the test for more than twenty-five years, and it is now recognized by the medical profession and thousands of grateful women who have used it, as being the only preparation that will ROUND OUT with FIRM, HEALTHY FLESH, thin cheeks, neck and arms.

FOR DEVELOPING THE BUST

or restoring flabby breasts to their natural beauty and contour it has never failed to give perfect satisfaction.

FOR REMOVING WRINKLES

No woman should have wrinkles or crow's feet about the eyes or mouth. Dr. Charles Flesh Food removes them like magic.

SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of Dr. Charles Flesh Food is $1.00 a box, but to introduce it into thousands of new homes we have decided to send two (2) boxes to all who answer this advertisement and send us $1.00. All packages are sent in plain wrapper, postage prepaid.

FREE. A sample box—just enough to convince you of the great merit of Dr. Charles Flesh Food—will be sent free for 10 cents, which pays for cost of mailing. We will also send you our book "Art of Massage," which contains all the proper movements, illustrated, for Massaging the face, neck and arms, and full directions for developing the bust. Address

DR. CHARLES CO.
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Dr. Charles Flesh Food will also be found on sale at Druggists' and Department stores

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

FANCY WAISTS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations, $1.50. Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A545. Fancy waist of Liberty satin. Drop shoulder. Bolero effect, cut with two scallops in front, finished with pointed lace over band of velvet. Vest of lace and chiffon. Fullness of blouse held with narrow straps of silk forming puffs. Fancy elbow sleeve—very full—with wide gauntlet cuff of velvet and lace. Plaited ruffle of chiffon or lace falling full from cuff. High girdle of velvet.

A546. Evening waist of black net over silk for elderly lady. Surplice effect, with drop yoke shirred, forming little frills. Full sleeve with deep cuff. Vest and cuff of white silk bands faggoted together and trimmed with lace applique and velvet ribbon.

A547. Waist of crepe de chine laid in deep tucks. Drop yoke and front piece of lace—laced together at neck with velvet ribbon. Very full sleeve laid in deep tucks.

A548. Fancy waist of light silk, with vest shirred in groups. Jacket effect, finished with band of velvet. Trimmed with applique lace insertion and tiny straps of velvet ribbon, with a jabot ruffle of silk and lace down either side of front. Full bishop sleeve, cuff trimmed with insertion and ribbon velvet, double ruffle of lace falling over hand.

A549. Crepe Etoile waist trimmed with medallions of applique lace. Drop yoke effect trimmed with velvet ribbon interlaced. Fullness of blouse shirred at yoke. High girdle of velvet. Full bishop sleeve shirred at lace cuff.

RECIPES FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

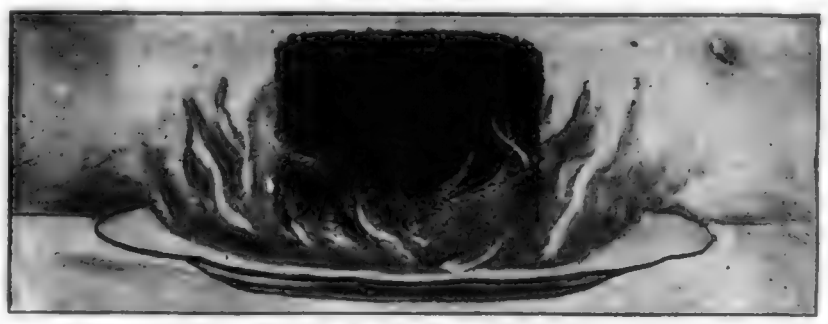
From Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book. Copyright, 1903.

Roast Turkey.

DRAW with care, not to break the gall bag. Wash out the cavity three times with cold water. You can not be too careful in this part of your task.

Fill the body and craw with some one of the stuffings or "dressings" given below. Sew up the body and tie the skin covering the craw securely about the "scrag" or neck with cotton tape or strips of muslin. If the fowl be rather scrawny cover the breast with thin slices of fat salt pork. Put upon the grating of your covered roaster. Pour a cupful of boiling water over it to sear the skin and keep in the juices; cover and cook fifteen minutes to the pound, quite fast for twelve minutes or so, afterwards steadily but slowly. Baste four times, each time thoroughly, with the gravy from the pan. A quarter of an hour before taking the turkey up, uncover and wash over with butter, then dredge with flour, and shut up in the oven to brown.

ROAST TURKEY



PLUM PUDDING

MOULD OF JELLY GARNISHED WITH ROSES.

Make the gravy by stirring into the contents of the dripping-pan (when you have removed the turkey and are keeping it hot) the giblets, minced almost to powder, a tablespoonful of browned flour wet up with cold water, salt and pepper to taste. Skim before you add anything. Boil one minute and pour into a gravy-boat.

Always serve cranberry sauce with turkey, when you can get it.

Chestnut Stuffing for Turkey.

Boil one quart of large French or Italian chestnuts, shell and peel them. Mash smooth and rub into them two tablespoonfuls of butter, and salt and white pepper to taste. Stuff the turkey with this as you would any other kind of dressing.

Pumpkin Pie.

Into a quart of stewed and strained pumpkin stir a quart of milk, a cup of granulated sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, and last of all, five eggs, well beaten. Mix thoroughly, and pour the mixture into a deep pie-plate lined with puff paste. Bake in a good oven until the pumpkin is "set." Eat cold.

Canned pumpkin is used in the same way, and is almost as good as fresh.

Plum Pudding.

Half a pound each of sugar and suet; a quarter of a pound of butter; five cupfuls of flour; one pound each of cleaned currants and of raisins; two tablespoonfuls of shredded citron; one cupful of milk; half a teaspoonful each of ground mace, cloves and nutmeg; six eggs; half a cupful of brandy.

Rub butter and sugar together, and mix with them the milk and the beaten yolks of the eggs; add the flour and the whipped whites; dredge the raisins (which should have been seeded and chopped), the currants and citron with flour, and put these in with the spices and the brandy. Mix well. Pack into a greased mould, plunge at once into a pot of boiling water, and boil five hours. Be careful the water does not boil over the top of the mold and get into the pudding.

Cheese Straws

To a half-pint of prepared flour add two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, moistened with the yoke of an egg, and enough milk to make a paste that can be rolled out. Roll into a thin sheet and cut into narrow "straws." Bake a delicate brown, while they are hot sift grated cheese over them.

Cranberry Sauce.

Wash and pick over carefully a quart of cranberries. Put into the inner vessel of a double boiler; fill the outer with boiling water and cook, keeping the cranberries closely covered until they are broken to pieces. Rub through your vegetable press into a saucepan, sweeten abundantly, bring to a boil (barely) and turn into a wet mold to form.

Preserved Green Grapes.

Cut each grape in half, remove the seeds, and weigh the fruit. Allow a pound of granulated sugar to every pound of the fruit. Put all into a preserving kettle, and bring very slowly to a boil. Cook until thick, then pour boiling hot into jars and seal.

Hard Sauce for Pudding.

Work two tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of powdered sugar to a white cream; then beat in the juice of a lemon and a pinch of nutmeg. Set in a cold place until needed.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

become one to-day and send us your name and post-office address, accompanied by $1.00 in stamps or money order. Prepare now to enjoy the good things which will appear in the coming numbers.
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Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
DR. FOWLER. DR. STARBUCK.

It is better than electricity, because it does not scar or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn or scar nor paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray, or depilatories are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. "DE MIRACLE" is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, and medical journals.

"DE MIRACLE" will be mailed to any address, sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of $1.00. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.

Our booklet—the most complete treatise on Superfluous Hair ever published—containing the testimonials of the physicians and surgeons whose photographs appear here, and those of hundreds of others, will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope, upon request.

DR. YARO. DR. AINSWORTH.

NOTE.—Accept no DE MIRACLE from dealers unless the cartons bear this inscription: "New style wrapper adopted Nov. 1902."

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Corticelli Silk holds the world's record for superiority, having won 40 Highest Awards. When you go shopping don't simply say, "A spool of silk," because you can secure more silk, better silk, smoother silk, and stronger silk, if you will only ask for Corticelli. We also make the best silk for embroidery, such as Corticelli Filo Wash Silk and Roman Floss, Corticelli Mountmellick Embroidery Silk, Corticelli Purse Twist, Corticelli Crochet Silk, etc. If not at your dealer's send direct to us.

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RESTAURANT GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50; complete suit, $2.50.
Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A509. Costume of light tan cloth. Drop yoke and deep cuffs of heavy lace applique. Tucked blouse with group of tucks inset and finished with lace medallions. Sleeve plaited at shoulder laid in tucks at top of cuff. Skirt tucked in groups and trimmed with crescent-shaped medallions.

A510. Gown for restaurant of taffeta trimmed with bands of silk openwork lace. Cape collar, laid in folds, pointed in front and back. Bishop sleeve with cap and deep cuff of lace. Skirt shirred on yoke of lace and folds of silk. Tucks and band of lace around bottom.

SILK WAISTS.

SILK WAISTS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waist, $1.50. Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A550. Blouse of silk figured with rose pattern in colors. Box plait down front with the fullness laid in box plaits and tucks on shoulder forming yoke. Bishop sleeve, plaits at shoulder, narrow cuffs and collar of plain silk.

A551. Fancy blouse of soft white silk. Drop yoke made up of tiny bands of silk fagoted to beaded bands and little ruffles

SILK WAISTS.

AFTERNOON GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waists, $1.50; skirts, $1.50; complete suit, $2.50.
Cut to measure, each 50 cents extra.

A538. Costume of light weight tan cloth. Plaited blouse with plain yoke, finished with band of silk puffing edged with narrow straps giving drop yoke effect. Full sleeve with band of puffing at shoulder and wrist. Skirt plaited yoke depth. Lower portion trimmed with bands of puffing.

A539. Blue cloth gown. Collar finished with stitched strap extending down front. Group of tucks on either side. Round cape collar trimmed with folds of velvet. Fancy sleeve, box plaited at shoulder, wide gauntlet cuff with ruffle of lace. Skirt laid in group of tucks at belt. Box plaited flounce.

SILK WAISTS.

of Valenciennes lace. Yoke finished with band of openwork lace edged with a jabot trimming of plaited silk. Lower portion accordion plaited with wide band of stitched plaits edged with Valenciennes ruffle. Full bishop sleeve laid in stitched plaits edged with lace. Deep cuff of bands and fagoting.

A552. Simple blouse of rose figured silk laid in deep tucks extending to waist and groups of small tucks forming yoke. Box plait down centre-front. Plain bishop sleeve with narrow cuffs and collar of plain silk.

(*American Waist Album.*)

FANCY WAISTS.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

866. Fancy waist of crêpe de chine; lace yoke deep over shoulder, trimmed with lace medallions; sleeve with deep shaped lace cuff.

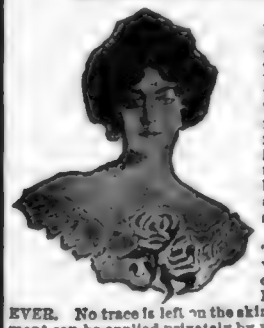
867. Fancy silk waist; lace yoke trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet, edged with four narrow ruffles; full puffed sleeve; deep lace cuff headed with double ruffle.

868. Waist of crêpe merveau, trimmed with all-over lace and medallions, laced with velvet ribbon in deep bertha effect, tiny bows down front, double puff sleeve with narrow lace cuff.

869. Silk waist, wide shoulder effect, dip front, trimmed with lace, edged with narrow straps and medallions graduated in size. Bishop sleeve tucked at shoulder and across the waist.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By my Scientific Treatment Especially Prepared for Each Individual Case.



I SUFFERED FOR YEARS with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the TRUE SECRET for the permanent removal of hair, and for more than seven years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of, thousands of ladies.

I assert and WILL PROVE TO YOU, that my treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise PERMANENTLY REMOVE THE HAIR FOREVER. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

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It is guaranteed to remove superfluous hair without the slightest injury to the skin. No burn or scar—easy and pleasant to use.

Free! To convince you that "SOLVO" is all I claim, a large package and my new beauty book will be sent for 5c postage. Address

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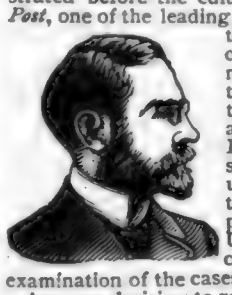
University Chemist Acting as Judge.

Irving K. Mott, M.D., of Cincinnati, O., demonstrated before the editorial board of the *Evening Post*, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, the power of his remedy to cure the worst forms of kidney diseases. Later a public test was instituted under the auspices of the *Post*, and five cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes were selected by them and placed under Dr. Mott's care. In three months' time all were pronounced cured, Harvard University having been chosen by the *Post* to make examination of the cases before and after treatment.



Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured.

The doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble, either in the first, intermediate, or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treatment will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVING K. MOTT, M.D., 136 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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APPLE OF PARIS.

[Note—Readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW inquiring names of shops where toilet articles are purchasable should inclose stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and state page and date.]

MILADI'S TOILET.

MORE and more is the care of the teeth and gums insisted on by physicians. It is not enough to go to the dentist, nothing but constant care will ensure healthy teeth and gums, and sweet breath. Few women realize how very much the general health depends on the health of the teeth, to say nothing of their tremendous importance to one's appearance. The plainest face is lighted up by a pleasant smile showing clean white teeth and healthy gums.

Personal experience shows the best results from the use of a dentrifice which was recently brought to the attention of the writer, that not only cleans the teeth and is a fine tonic for the gums, but which destroys the minute organisms that will find lodgment in the mouth, to the destruction of sweet breath and many times resulting in disease of the gums. This delightful preparation is put up in tubes in the form of a creamy paste, a tiny bit being squeezed out on the brush night and morning, or if the teeth are in a very bad state, it should be used after every meal, and the price of this invaluable dentrifice is only 25 cents the tube.

Always use a medium sized brush, and not a hard one for that injures the gums; and rinse both mouth and brush well with cold water, that none of the impurities be carried into the stomach, as they are in this way often a fruitful source of derangement. In cases of acidity of the stomach, the secretions of the mouth, and consequently the teeth, are affected, and for this the preparation of which we speak will be found an invaluable corrective.

* * *

The one thing that troubles women more than any other is the appearance of wrinkles; yet we see many women glide calmly into the period of life when these little telltales usually make their appearance, and time seems to stand still for them, for their smooth faces and throats and soft smooth hands give no indication of its passage. How do they defy the inevitable? The secret is an open one. They use and persevere in the use of a simple skin food, that not only removes the present wrinkles but prevents their forming, and this harmless preparation works wonders too in removing the tan and freckles of the summer's sojourn in the country, and cleans the skin from those dirty looking blackheads, and pimples. It is a delightful, refreshing emollient; and a very inexpensive treatment.

* * *

So many women have from time immemorial considered the powder puff as a necessary accessory to the toilet table that chemists have made powder and its effect on the skin a special study. Some is harmful, but good powder is soothing, healing and beautifying, and such a powder is among our specially tested toilet requisites. It can safely be used on the most delicate skin; it is no new preparation, as many have used it for half a lifetime.

* * *

Some women look more beautiful when their hair is grey than they did before; it all depends on the complexion; but there is a very trying time when the hair first begins to turn, which causes women to resort to dyes and so-called restorers, which kill what life is left in the roots instead of restoring its vigor.

The turning of the hair depends very much on the general health, when the vitality is low the hair is limp, falls out easily, becomes dull, and finally grey. It needs treatment, of course, but every woman should, in the first place look for the cause in her physical condition and remedy that, or local applications will be of little avail.

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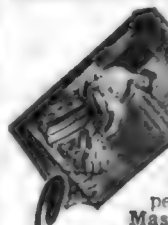

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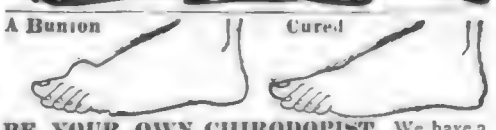

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WALKING SUITS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—jackets, $1.50; skirts, $1.50; complete suit, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A504. Military suit of mixed tweed, trimmed with cloth straps in corset effect. Short jacket with deep dip in front and back. Buttoned at one side. Notch collar. Leg-o-mutton sleeve. Corset skirt, cut in eleven gores, with strapped seams.

A505. Cheviot walking suit. Blouse coat 42 inches to 45 inches long, double-breasted, with sailor collar. Sleeve, leg-o-mutton in shape, with deep cuff; new belt. Plain skirt stitched at bottom with strap down either side. Trimming of fancy braid.

The House Wife

ON ECONOMIZING TIME.

"Tarry Thou the Lord's Leisure."

WHAT has become of the stately leisure of life in the time of our grandmothers?

The days have just as many hours, the years no less number of days, and yet the universal cry is, "I have no time." No time for what? Has the life of to-day more necessities than that of our ancestors? or have we less patience for the many tasks that go to make up our daily lives? It is not only the busy housewife who complains about lack of time, the woman of leisure and even the school girl tell the same story.

The truth is, our lives *are* far less simple; in every way time is taken up by the vast complications of the present advanced civilization that were undreamed of a hundred years ago. Take shopping, for instance, with the tiresome system of cash carriers and bundle baskets; it fills one with dread to enter one of the big stores for even a trifle, unless one has plenty of time to spare, and that is just what few now have. Hence the practice of shopping by mail is becoming more and more popular.

Formerly, when almost every household did its own spinning, many also weaving beautiful cloth far more durable than anything one can get now, when every garment was made at home; the gardens, with fruits, vegetables, and flowers falling mostly to the care of the women of the household; they still had time for social intercourse, visits and kindly help for the sick and poor.

Now many of these duties are transferred to societies; and all one's needs are supplied "ready made." And yet people rush around and cry "No time."

The truth is we must simplify our lives, simplify our homes, and begin the remedy at its root, i. e., in the attitude of our minds toward life in general.

Cultivate "Repose," repose of mind will bring repose of manner, and easier methods; and one realizes that we have "all the time there is." Method, system, routine, and regularity in small details of household management, will help any busy woman to gain time. No day should be *filled* with "work," every one should *make* time for rest; for reading, correspondence, visiting friends, recreation in the open air, and *quiet thought.*

The harder and more trying the life is, the greater need is there of system that will allow of time for rest and thought; so only can one remain equal to the struggle and rush of the life of to-day.

Much can be done in the arrangement of homes to lessen labor. Crowded rooms are not artistic, besides entailing a great amount of work in keeping them clean. Simple furniture, in beautiful artistic designs, many reproducing the solid forms loved by our ancestors, or the dainty shapes of earlier times, can now be purchased at very reasonable prices. These pieces will last a lifetime, and are easily kept clean.

One sees rooms filled from floor to ceiling with all sorts of little foolish things, that must either be given valuable time to keep them clean, or harbor microbe laden dust.

Books are necessities in every house, but they should be kept from dust, both for their own sakes and the saving of labor.

Carpets harbor dust, and are fast disappearing from many homes; stained and varnished floors (not necessarily hardwood), and easily shaken rugs, taking their place.

No duty should be neglected, but everything that will lessen labor and simplify the daily routine should be welcomed in the home.

In so many ways time can be saved. For instance, when shopping, have a list ready made and samples to show, and you will find it easier both for yourself and the much-tried clerk.

But it is chiefly in the home that time can be economized, chiefly by system, "a place for everything and everything in its place"; and a time for every duty; so far as possible, and everything arranged to make the tasks as easy as is consistent with their thoroughness.

A kitchen floor that is painted, or better still, covered with oil cloth, is easily wiped up. Oil cloth over tables looks clean and is a great saving of labor. Varnished walls in the bathroom and halls, are easily washed off; and it costs little in either money, time or trouble to varnish them.

White paint will make a dark room look light, and is also easily kept clean.

In household repairs the golden rule is, "A stitch in time saves nine."

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10. Shirred hat of blue chiffon and panne velvet trimmed with green and blue paradise feathers. Suitable for young lady with fair and rosy complexion.

11. Brown velvet turban with brim laid in upward-turning folds shirred at intervals to form upright bars. Top of hat of white German coney fur. Ornamented with white bird jauntily set on left side. Hat specially designed for a young matron.

12. Black velvet 1830 poke with high shirred crown, trimmed with white ostrich feathers that overhang the under brim, which is of plaited mousseline de soie with garlands of pink roses. The ties are of white tulle. This hat is becomingly worn by a young lady with oval face.

13. Dark blue felt for a "Matinee girl," trimmed with a row of pleated blue velvet around the rim and two wings of shirred velvet, finished at the left side with a cluster of little white roses within a circle of pink ones. It is made on one of the new wide brims.

14. Stylish white felt hat bound and draped with black velvet. Ostrich tips and one long feather trim the left side under the deep turned up brim. The left is a large cluster of pink roses. This is a stylish hat, suitable for any young woman.

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In order to introduce our fine collection of the latest popular music and songs, we shall be glad to **send postpaid** a collection of 32 pieces of music for 10 cents. This collection consists of one complete full page of music from 29 instrumental pieces and three of the best popular songs. Included in the list are selections from the following great hits in the musical world.

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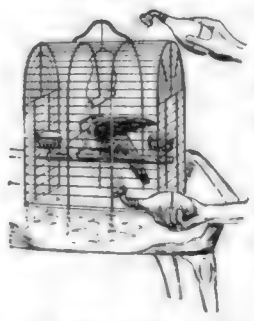

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Social Observances.

AS this is the particular time of year dedicated to the giving and receiving of hospitality, we will devote this little talk to that part of social observances.

We are asked for advice from a great many different people, in as many different positions of life. To answer all would be impossible, but there are good general rules to follow, and kindly thought and consideration for the comfort and harmony of our guests, will go a long way to make even a humble unpretentious entertainment a success; an episode to be long looked back on with pleasure.

True hospitality shares whatever it has, of its best surely, but no one should for one short entertainment make an appearance that belies their true position, and possibly cripple their slender resources, and plunge them in debt. This is, alas, too often the case. The truest hospitality is that that welcomes the chance visitor to the homely fare, and shares its *want* of good things with cheerful grace.

We all know the delight of giving; true it is that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and if we do our best for the love we bear to others to entertain them well, we do only what they would do for us. But remember that the LOVE is more than the material things that form the feast, and many of us have spent the most beautiful hours of our lives, where the "creature comforts" were few, but the cheer and good will abundant.

"So long as we love, we serve.

"So long as we are loved by others . . . we are indispensable," said Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Whatever your entertainment, rich or poor, remember, first of all to give *yourself* to your guests," see that they are at ease, introduce to each other those that you feel will be congenial; see that each has just what they would like to amuse them; this is an art, to know peoples' tastes, and a tactful hostess tries to learn this as speedily as possible, if she has among her guests people with whom she is not very well acquainted.

The character of an entertainment in a private house should never be such as will necessitate a total upheaval of accustomed arrangements, or one of such undue expenditure that people will make remarks, which will, in accordance with weak human nature, be anything but kind, and tax the strength and temper of the hostess, as well as her resources.

Try to arrange as much of the detail as possible a day or two in advance; be it food, decorations, dress, etc., so that you may be as fresh and untired as your guests when they arrive; leave *nothing* to the last minute.

In sending out invitations, scan carefully your list of friends, your rooms and *your means.* If your list of acquaintances is large and your rooms small, it will be better to give two or even three small entertainments than crowd your rooms, or bring uncongenial people together.

Send out invitations not less than a week in advance, and ask for a reply as soon as possible that you may have time to fill the vacancy.

In the case of evening parties, dances, etc., where evening dress is required, the invitations should be sent three or four weeks ahead, that the recipient may have time to provide the necessary costume.

If, at the last moment, an unavoidable vacancy occurs, it can only be filled by using great tact with the person invited, and asking their presence as a great personal favor.

Of course to one's intimate friends informal notes of invitation are sent, but a simple card of invitation to dinner, may be written neatly on white correspondence cards, which can be purchased with envelopes to match, and should be worded thus:

> MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR NUGENT
> request the pleasure of
> MISS MARGARET WILLMAN'S
> company at dinner on Thursday, November the 26th,
> at six o'clock.
> THE LAURELS,
> Morristown, New Jersey.

Engraved invitation cards, with blanks left for names and dates to be filled in, can be ordered and kept at hand by those who entertain frequently.

The acceptance of an invitation should be simply but courteously worded, and sent at once, but no one should accept an invitation if there is the least doubt about their being able to go. Only the most serious and sudden occurrence can excuse a failure to keep a dinner engagement when once accepted.

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IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled upon the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.
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Modene sent by mail, in safely mailing cases (securely sealed) on receipt of **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter with your full address written plainly. Postage stamps taken.
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I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, no sickening cathartics. I am a regular practising physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh; and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life."

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN.

By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on **"Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,"** which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.
HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.,
24 East 23d Street, NEW YORK.

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EVENING GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waist $1.50, skirt $1.50. Complete costume, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A558. Evening gown of crêpe étoile. The waist has applique lace yoke and sleeve cap, with three gathered bias ruffles of crêpe and ruffle of lace covering the blouse and sleeve. The skirt is laid in tucks at waist with three deep tucks at bottom. High girdle of crêpe panne velvet.

A559. Crêpe de chine evening gown, trimmed with ruffles of narrow ribbon forming designs and deep ruffles of Chantilly lace. Puffed elbow sleeve with deep lace ruffle. The skirt is gathered at waist, finished with high girdle.

A MODERN COLONIAL DWELLING.

By Courtesy of D. S. Hopkins, Architect, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DESIGN NO. 151.

WHEN one builds a home, the enduring qualities of the materials must be considered, as well as the beauty of exterior, and comfortable arrangement and decoration of the interior.

Here we have a beautiful and commodious home with substantial foundation of random coursing stone, with the balance of the first story enclosure of clapboarding. The second story, turret and gables are of shingles. The size is 44 x 42 feet all over, giving good-sized rooms of a height of 9 feet 6 inches in the first floor and 9 feet in the second story. The attics can be converted into two nice additional rooms if desired. There is a fine cellar, seven feet deep, under the whole house.

There are four nice rooms on the first floor, with a good hall and plenty of closets; and four bed chambers and a bathroom.

Estimated cost, as here shown, principal rooms first floor hardwood, balance pine, $3,600 to $4,000.

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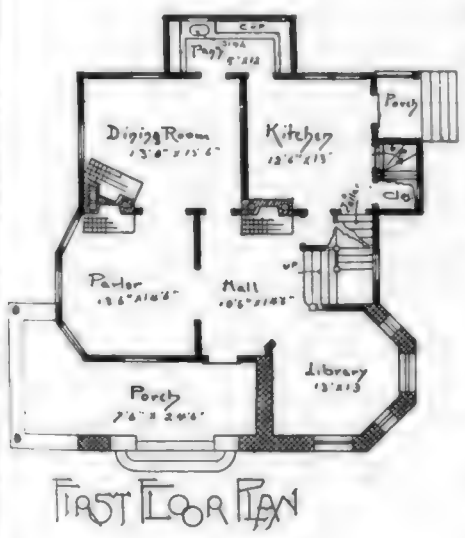
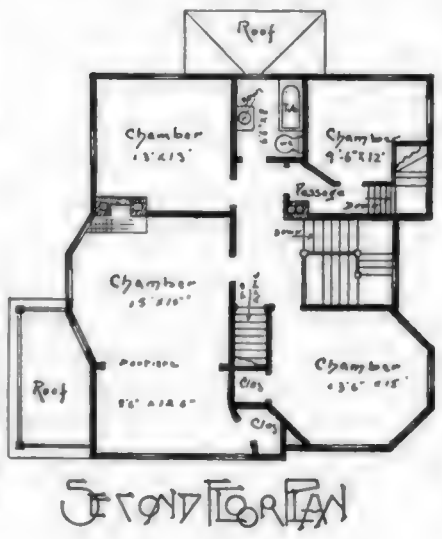


FIRST FLOOR PLAN



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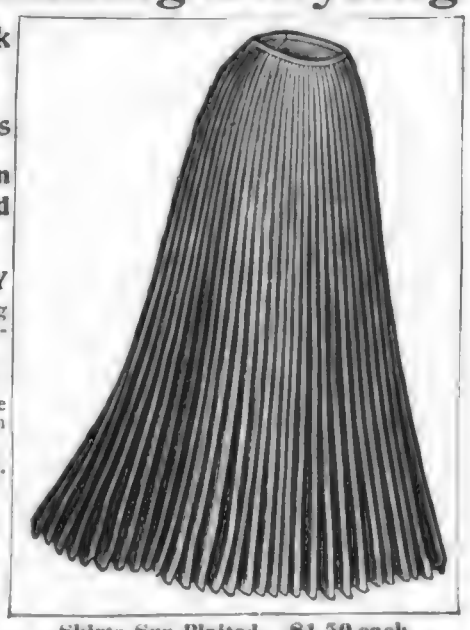

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AFTERNOON GOWNS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50; complete costume, $2.50.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A531. Paris model by "Panem." Blouse laid in lengthwise plaits—with yoke of horizontal plaits—trimmed with applique lace and bands of Persian embroidery edged with satin folds. Full puff sleeve, deep plaited cuff with satin folds. High shaped girdle trimmed with Persian embroidery. Box plaited skirt forming three flounces falling full at bottom and trimmed with satin folds.

A532. Afternoon gown of cloth trimmed with galloon of fancy braid. Square yoke of silk. Plain vest effect. Full sleeve plaited at shoulder and caught with shaped strap. Laid in plaits at wrist with trimmed cuff. Skirt plaited in panels with bands of galloon trimming between.

Photographic Prize Page.

PRIZE WINNER, MARGARETTA CAMPBELL, AGE 13, 131 ZEIGLER STREET, ROXBURY, MASS.

"GATHERING CLAMS."
Myrtle Lawrence, Age 14.
Ontario, Cal.

"MEDITATION."
Doris Reinhardt, Age 12 years.
Peel Street, Montreal, Que.

Many a celebrated photographer began with a *toy* camera when a child. Aim at the best, and you will win out. Notice the effects of light and shade and you will get some beautiful results.

PRIZE PICTURE.
"GOOD-NIGHT."
Margaretta Campbell, Age 13. Roxbury, Mass.

Maggie Helms, Age 14.
Paris, Henry Co., Tenn.

Clyde Tyrrell, 14 years old.
St. Louis, Mo.

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While a great many of the photographs we have received from our young friends are very good they are not suitable for reproduction, and to these we would say "TRY AGAIN," as we shall shortly open ANOTHER PRIZE contest. We think you will all agree with us that the sweet little group that has won the prize is deserving of this honor; although the others reproduced are very good, all of them showing considerable ability.

MISS MARGARETTA CAMPBELL shows artistic taste and judgment in the posing of her subjects and care in the treatment of her print. We have much pleasure in sending her the prize, and hope she will send us some pictures taken with it for the next contest.

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MISSES' EVENING GOWNS.

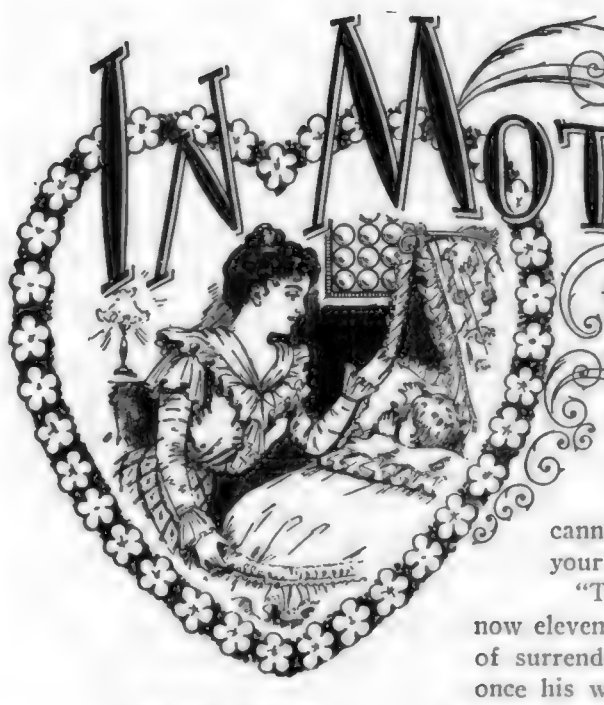
Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—waists, $1.00; skirts, $1.00; complete suit, $2.00.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A553. Evening gown of Liberty silk. Shirred drop yoke finished with double ruffle and rosettes of velvet. Full bishop sleeve trimmed with shirrings of ribbon—deep cuff. Skirt gathered at belt, deep tucks headed with shirrings of ribbon.

A554. Misses' evening gown of crêpe Etoile, trimmed with applique lace, and puffing of mousseline de soie. Pointed lace yoke in blouse and skirt. Full elbow sleeve with deep lace ruffle. Skirt gathered on yoke with band of puffing and gathered flounce finished with applique lace.

A555. Lansdown gown—trimmed with applique lace, in points—drop yoke effect, with tucks running out from lace collar and from the points below, very full elbow sleeve. Skirt tucked in groups with plain panel front; tucked flounce, headed with applique and medallions.



PUNISHMENT.

"MAKE the punishment fit the crime" seems harsh and severe when applied to the short-comings of the tiny tot who must be taught obedience. But the expression holds the whole *rationale* of punishment. In using it we do not mean only that the punishment must fit the crime in degree; there must be a relation of cause and effect between the fault and its consequences. If this be wanting, the child often fails to understand why it is punished.

Let us illustrate this relation of cause and effect by the case of a child who habitually refuses to be washed and dressed in the morning, or who always protests against the operation, and consequently makes the life of its mother or nurse a burden. Nearly every mother has at some time to face the problem of punishment for the offense, and spanking is often resorted to, but seldom does any good. But if the mother quietly says, "Very well, you may stay in bed as long as you like, but of course you can have no breakfast until you are dressed," the child very quickly sees the relation between his fault and its punishment.

I recently saw this method of punishment put into practice. I called on a friend one morning, and, missing her seven-year-old son, asked where he was. "In bed," his mother replied. "In bed, at eleven o'clock!" "Yes. He usually dresses himself, with a little help from me; he is perfectly able to put on his shoes and stockings without any assistance. This morning I was in a great hurry, and I said, 'Now, Roy, hurry and do all for yourself that you can. I will help you with your strings and buttons.' He already had one stocking on, but he deliberately took it off and asked, 'Do you think that I am going to dress myself?' I had not time for a discussion, and although I felt like spanking him, I knew that would not cure him of his habit of dallying over his dressing. So I said, as I turned to go downstairs, 'Suit yourself. You will do all that you can about your dressing, and until you do you will stay in your room. Of course you cannot come downstairs in your nightclothes.'

"That was at seven; it is now eleven and he has made no sign of surrender. He is very stubborn, once his will is roused, and I don't know how long he may hold out. I have told his sister and the maid on no account to help him with his dressing."

During the half-hour that I was there an aunt came to take Roy and his sister into the country for the day. The mother explained the situation to the aunt and she drove away with her niece. The boy's door was open, and he could not help hearing his mother's explanation.

I was anxious to know just when the child capitulated, and the next time I saw his mother I asked her.

"Oh, he came down a few moments after his aunt left, with his shoes and stockings on, and his clothing ready for me to button. No word on the subject passed on either side; he ate his breakfast and his luncheon at the same time, and played on the piazza in a subdued fashion all the rest of the day. I am sure that the punishment did its work, for ever since he has been getting up as soon as called, and he does more towards dressing himself than I ever expected of him."

Another example might be cited from the discipline of no less a personage than the Emperor of Germany. When the Crown Prince was a little boy he had a great dislike for his morning bath. At last the nurse grew tired of struggling with him and appealed to the Kaiser. "Let the prince be dressed without a bath and leave the rest to me," said the Emperor. The prince was dressed next morning without a bath; he breakfasted and was taken out for his morning walk. Naturally, the sentinels, who were stationed at intervals, were expected to salute the prince, but on this particular morning every man of them stood stockstill. Upon his return to the palace the prince rushed to his father, crying, "Papa, please have your naughty soldiers punished, they don't salute when I pass." "Quite right," replied the Emperor, "clean soldiers do not salute a dirty little prince." The story adds that the prince paid especial attention to his ablutions thereafter. Many other cases will occur in every family where the most effective punishment will be that which shows the relation of cause and effect. A child who is slow about coming when called should be left out of some pleasure, as a result of its fault; or allowed to lose a meal because it is behindhand. If it is habitually untidy let it suffer the mortification of being seen by visitors in its soiled clothes. If it is careless about leaving its playthings in the way, it would be excellent discipline to cause something to happen to them. The child need not know that the foot that trod on the tin soldier did not do it accidentally, but he will be sure not to leave the remaining soldiers on the floor. If the little girl knows that she can depend upon her nurse or an older sister to bring her doll indoors she will not assume any responsibility in the matter. But if she finds the dolly injured as a result of her forgetfulness, she will remember to bring it into the house. Cause and effect again!

While it is most unwise to use the least semblance of deceit in dealing with a child it is sometimes well to divert its attention in some way, so that it will obey without your will coming into direct conflict with that of the child. Many children have most stubborn wills and once they get their "heads set" there is a conflict which is exceedingly wearing on both mother and child. In "Oldtown Folks" Mrs. Stowe tells of a good divine who worked for hours on his baby son, trying to make him pick up a pockethandkerchief, till both he and the child were exhausted. It is best to avoid this pitting of one will against another. The sensible grandmother in the same story who said that if a child of hers refused to go where she was told, she picked it up "neck and crop" and carried it where she wanted it, had more sense than the minister. Some parents talk about "breaking" a child's will, as if a child with a broken will were good for anything. The will is given to the child to be used his life long, and any punishment that aims at breaking it is vicious. A child with a broken will is a flabby affair. One might as well wish to break its back!

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Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, 50 cents and $1.00.
Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

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A521. Infant's dress of lawn—drop yoke, formed of bands of embroidery and narrow insertion—and finished with ruffle of embroidery. Skirt tucked around bottom in groups. Pinned paper pattern, 50 cents.

A522. Infant's dress of French nainsook—drop yoke trimmed with wide and narrow lace insertions and edged with lace ruffle. Skirt trimmed at bottom with insertion in scallops and deep lace ruffle. Pinned paper pattern, 50 cents.

A523. Nainsook dress for child (2-4 yrs.). Yoke, extending down as panel front, and forming cape over shoulder, trimmed with nainsook insertion, edging and medallions. Skirt shirred at yoke—tucked at bottom. Pinned paper pattern, $1.00.

A524. Russian blouse suit of mohair for boys (3-6 yrs.). Stitched in two box plaits on either side of front. Buttoned at left side. Trimming of small straps. Turn-over embroidered collar. Pinned paper pattern, $1.00.

A525. Nainsook dress for child (1-2 yrs.). Straps over shoulder and belt of embroidered insertion. Embroidered ruffle over shoulder. Tucked yoke, and skirt tucked at bottom. Pinned paper pattern, 50 cents.

A526. Blouse suit of serge for boys (3-6 yrs.). Wide front box plait. Side plaited skirt. Leather belt. Pinned paper pattern, $1.00.

"THE DODO."

A Thanksgiving Cat Story.

DON'T you think "The Dodo" is a beauty? He thought so himself, and was conceited, if ever a cat was. His father was a big Persian gentleman, and his mother was a lady from Malta. His coat was a soft dove grey color, such deep, thick fur, such a splendid tail, and white whiskers. His eyes were set wide apart, and almost straight; you could see he was not a sly cat. He loved to have his coat brushed and combed; and then he would run to the window or door, or to the big mirror, where he could see himself and make believe it was another cat admiring him!

"The Dodo" was very honest; if he did a naughty thing, you could not help knowing it; he would come and purr, and rub himself against you, as much as to say, "Please don't scold me, I *am* sorry; please forgive me." And he was very obedient; would come at once if he was called, even if he was playing ever so hard; and quickly learn when he was told not to do something.

The lady and gentleman who owned "The Dodo" had no children, and this dear cat loved little boys and girls; so they decided to give a children's party on Thanksgiving Day, and the invitations were sent out in "The Dodo's" name. It was his very own party, and he did his best to amuse his little guests.

"Dodo" loved the smell of sweet flowers just as much as his mistress, so on Thanksgiving Day she made a little wreath of white violets and hung it around his neck, and tied little silver bells on his feet. It was very funny to see him lift first one soft paw and then another, and shake them, to hear the bells tinkle.

One of his presents was a bouncing ball, covered with green wool, and this he at once saw the fun of; if he just touched it, it would bound away; then he would have a fine time racing after it, only at the lightest touch to set it going again.

"THE DODO."

The master of the house, who called him "the angel cat," bought him a "Jack-in-the-box," and showed him how to touch the spring with his paw and let "Jack" out. He quickly learned the trick, and when "Jack" popped up would spring back and up on all his four paws, just like "Jack," and spit at him; then he would go to his master and purr and rub his legs till he put "Jack" back, when he would instantly let him out again. Sometimes he would very cautiously venture up and pat "Jack's" head; we thought he was trying to put him in his box as he saw his master do.

"Dodo" was very generous. He had a friend over the way, a dear little yellow kitten, called Sandy, and when he got something very nice to eat he always tried to get out and share it with his little friend. So this day he got the wishbone from the turkey, and at once made for the door to go and enjoy it with Sandy!

He had such a little gentle voice, and would say his "purr-meow" in so many different tones and ways, that one felt quite sure he was saying something interesting, if we could only understand; and, indeed, he did his best to make us. It was so pretty to see him say "Thank you," in his own way, before he touched anything that was given him.

You can readily see what fun the children had with him. He could play "tag" and "peek-a-boo," and skip-in-the-rope. Two of the children held a rope a little way from the ground and swung it gently backwards and forwards. Then "Dodo" would run at the rope and try to stop it, but instead he would "run under," and then back again. But at last he was tired and curled himself up on his special cushion and *tried* to go to sleep; but though he was tired, the children were not tired of him, and tried to coax him to play some more, till they, too, were tired and went home to bed.

As "Dodo" grew older he got so wise it was wonderful what he knew. Every morning, when the provision basket was brought in, he would examine the various parcels, and he knew quite well when there was something there for him. Then his mistress would say, "Dodo, go get the knife," and off he would run, jump up on the tub shelf, where he knew a certain knife was kept, and bring it along in his mouth! He would bring his mistress her bunch of keys in the same way.

He knew the different bells of the house, and at the ring of the street door bell would run to see who came in. Strangers he would look at a long time; some he liked and made friends with, others he would have nothing to say to; and "The Dodo" knew good people from bad ones; there is no doubt about that. His master often said, "That angel cat knows more than we do."

He was quite a hunter, too. He kept the house free of mice, but never ate them, and many a night, when his mistress called him in vain, he would come tapping at her window in the early morning to be let in, and later she would find a neatly arranged row of dead moles outside the back door!

I must not forget to tell you about some of the games "The Dodo" was very fond of playing, so that you can teach your own kittens to play with you. He played "tag," and "puss in the corner," and "hide" just as well as the children. It takes patience and kindness to teach cats, or dogs either, and always you must give them some little reward at the end. After they have once learned they will love to play without any reward.

"The Dodo" loved the fresh air, and when he was a kitten he lived in a flat in town, and his mistress used to take him to a green park, with a collar around his neck, and a light chain. He soon got used to this, and would play about at the end of his chain, just like a little dog.

Now "The Dodo" is getting old, and loves best to lie in the sunny window among the plants and flowers in winter; or under the trees in the garden in summer, too fat and lazy even to chase away the saucy robins.

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CHILDRENS PLAIN DRESSES AND SUITS.

Pinned paper pattern of above illustrations—dress, $1.00; suit, 536, $1.50.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A533. Mohair dress for girl (8-12 yrs.). Yoke effect, of side plaits piped with velvet and finished with buttons—Bishop sleeve with shoulder cap—velvet cuffs, collar, and belt. Side plaited skirt with plain yoke.

A534. Military dress of serge (for child 4-10 yrs.). Deep plait stitched over shoulder—with fastening and trimmings of braid and buttons on left side. Bishop sleeve. Gathered skirt with panel front. Belt crossed in front.

A535. White mohair dress for child (3-6 yrs.). Yoke of silk insertion and tucks. Double shoulder caps edged with silk cord. Waist gathered full on yoke. Gathered skirt.

A536. Military suit of cheviot for girl (10-14 yrs.). Belted coat, 22 inches long; buttoned at side. Bishop sleeve with box plait extending to plait of coat. Turn-over collar trimmed with strap. Eleven gored skirt.

A537. Dress of cashmere for girl (5-8 yrs.). Blouse and skirt laid in plaits, piped with silk cord. Fastened at side of front. Bishop sleeve.

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The object of this Club is to give the Dress-Makers Imported Patterns at one-third the price formerly charged; in order to do this we have organized a club which entitles each member to one Imported Model in paper each month, either Skirt, Waist or Coat, same to be stock size.

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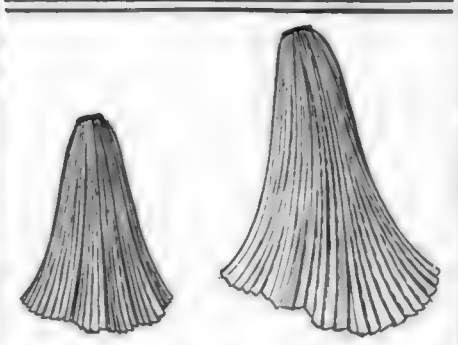

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TALKS TO OUR GIRLS

And Problems that Interest Them.

ON STARTING RIGHT.

NOTE.—Questions of interest to girls will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give name and address. If stamps or addressed envelopes are enclosed questions will be answered by mail.

SOME girls fail in life because they do not start right. It would be a very poor sea-captain who made no use of chart and compass, who took no soundings, but let his ship drift. And a girl who lets herself drift is equally culpable. Even a child of wealth cannot be sure that she will always be wealthy. Riches have an uncomfortable habit of taking wings; and no penury is so appalling as that of the helpless woman who "has seen better days." The wise young woman of wealth will plan her life with a view to the possibility of finding self-support necessary. How much more, then, does the poor girl need to thoroughly equip herself! She must study herself, so that she may choose the right thing, and not become that most miserable of creatures, "a round peg in a square hole." There is a place for each one of us, if we will look for it. Once in the right place, life becomes "a winning fight," instead of drudgery from day to day, with defeat at the end.

The poor girl, who has to face life for herself, will get her bearings; she will be sure she is right before she goes ahead. She will "take account of stock." The truth is, some of us never get really acquainted with ourselves.

If a girl must make haste to be a wage-earner, she will do well to take up the work for which she can fit herself with the least outlay of time and expense. Common sense must be used in making this choice, though some people seem to use it as little as the Irishman who wanted to be a bishop because it seemed to him "a clane, easy job." One who has no "head for figures" should not try to keep books, and one who cannot spell should not attempt to be a stenographer and typewriter. Some people are really unable to master spelling. It was so with the late Robert Louis Stevenson, though it was not necessary for him to spell; proofreaders could do that for him; and editors clamored for his wares. But the typewriter who is a bad speller will very soon find her services dispensed with.

Oftentimes the work lies close at hand and is overlooked because the girl wants to do something which seems to her more important. For instance, the farmer's daughter can make a living by raising herbs or flowers, instead of, as so many do, going out into the world to "make her fortune." Perhaps she is successful in raising chickens. If so, let her devote herself to that, and be a help and comfort in her home.

If there are no means of earning a living under the home roof, let a girl take up, as was said before, the thing for which she feels most fitted. One who has a gift for nursing, which she has put into practice in her own family, should go to a training-school, and fit herself for making nursing her lifework. The girl who loves the sight and touch of books should fit herself for a librarian, or work herself up in some editorial office.

I am not taking into consideration the pursuit of art and music, because the preparation takes so long. It is a sad fact that many a young man and woman cannot use the gifts that they possess, because they cannot afford the time and money to perfect the talent. Even genius must have bread and shoes, and so the work is done at the typewriter or the desk, instead of at the piano or the easel. Sometimes, though, after what seems long waiting, fate seems to relent, and the work which the patient plodder has longed to do is at last laid into the waiting hands.

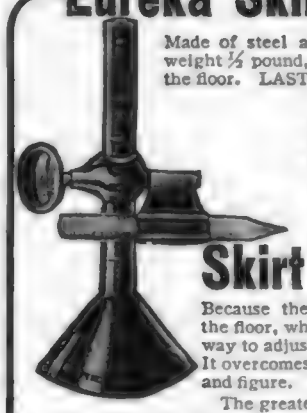
"Blessed is he that has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness," wrote Carlyle. The truth of this aphorism is proved by everyone who works in the right spirit.

Work is good for its own sake, and not only as a means of support. The girl who contributes her share toward the sum-total of the world's work has a feeling of self-respect that the idler cannot know. This is the feeling a wealthy girl should bring to her life and work.

I have said nothing about marriage. Not that I mean to omit it in considering a girl's life. But the poor girl cannot afford to sit down and wait for a husband. If she is doing her best in the work that she has chosen, she will be found a fitting mate when the right man comes along, and will be more likely to make a wise choice than the girl who has idly waited for this solution to her future.

To the girl who has time and money to spend on her preparation, the field is wide; a college course will prepare her for various professions, which will give her a chance to make her mark in the world, and earn an excellent competence. But even then one must remember that the time of preparation is long, and the fight for a place in the crowd may be longer, and a small fortune may be spent before the life work is well begun. "Count the cost."

Eureka Skirt Marker



Made of steel and nicely nickeled—weight ½ pound, making it firm upon the floor. LASTS A LIFETIME.

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Anyone can try—without paying a cent—the famous Magic Foot Drafts, which always bring comfort and almost always permanently cure Rheumatism, either chronic or acute, no matter how severe. Hundreds of thousands of pairs of Drafts have been sent on approval all over the world, and the makers are still sending them to every sufferer they can hear of.

Send your name today. You get the Drafts by return mail. If you are fully satisfied with the help they give you, then you can send **One Dollar.** If not, keep your money. You decide.

Sixty-eight per cent. of the nitrogen of the foot sweat drawn out through the great foot pores and absorbed by Magic Foot Drafts is in the form of the poison **Urea,** the basic cause of Rheumatism. The poison is drawn out in exceedingly small particles, but the Drafts work 24 hours a day, slowly but surely, and when the cure is once effected, it is permanent, for the cause of Rheumatism has been removed. The Drafts are comfortable, safe and sure. Don't suffer needlessly. You are not risking a penny and the chances are nine out of ten that the Drafts will cure you as they have so many thousands of cases just like yours.

Mrs. M. F. Potter, of Shelton, Conn., writes: "I was a poor miserable object when I first applied the Drafts. Now I bless the day I heard of them."

It would take you many weeks to read the grateful letters of cured old rheumatics from every land on earth to the makers of Magic Foot Drafts. Try them yourself. Write to-day to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 1233N Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan, for a pair of Drafts free on approval. Valuable booklet for rheumatics also free. Send no money—only your name.

CHILDREN'S COATS AND DRESSES.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations, $1.

Cut to measure, each, 50 cents extra.

A515. Boy's double-breasted box coat (3 to 6 years). Blue cheviot, with hood, lined with red. Plaits in back, held by strap.

A516. Serge dress for girl (5 to 8 years), vest of taffeta; stitched plait over shoulder extending down front and back; Gibson effect; bishop sleeve, side-plaited skirt. Trimming of taffeta cut in crescent shape edged with silk cord and buttons.

A517. Cashmere dress for girl (4 to 6 years), deep-pointed cape collar finished with band of applique lace. Skirt laid in inverted plaits, trimmed with silk braid and fancy buttons.

A518. Dress of mohair for girl (10 to 14 years), silk vest, buttoned at front; drop yoke with stole effect, the point trimmed with strap of silk in contrasting color; bishop sleeve, plaited at shoulder; deep silk cuff; gathered skirt.

A519. Russian blouse coat, for boy (3 to 6 years), fastened at right side and trimmed with straps of braid or velvet. Fancy belt.

Dressmakers, and all whom it may Concern:

I make a specialty in dressmakers' supplies at wholesale prices. Shopping in any line attended to and information submitted. My services free to you, receiving remuneration from the stores. Send 2c. stamp for samples of black Taffeta direct from the mills, 37½c. a yd. and up. Guaranteed to wear. 1 yd. wide $1.10; reg. $1.60.

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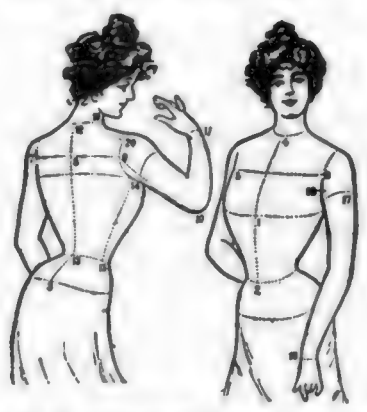
Patterns of all garments illustrated may be obtained only from THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 853 Broadway, New York City, at the prices quoted. Mail orders must be accompanied by cash or postal orders. Also kindly state if lining is wanted.

In ordering patterns from us, two days must be allowed for same, as no sizes are kept in stock, and all patterns are cut to order.

If sizes are not given when ordering, we will send medium size, which is 36 bust, and 24 waist.

Sleeve patterns cut for 5) cents.

Directions for Self-Measurement



Kindly fill out the following measurements very carefully.

Length of skirt from center front to floor.
Length of back from waist line to floor.
Length of hip from waist to floor.
Around waist. Around hip 5 inches below waist line.

1-1—Around bust.....
2-2— " waist.....
3-3— " hips.....
4-4— " neck.....
5-6—Across front.....
7 9— " back.....
8-9—Back to armhole.....
9-10—Armhole to elbow.....
10-11—Elbow to wrist.....
4-2—Length of waist in front.....
12-13— " " back.....
14-15— " under arm.....
18-16— " of inside sleeve.....
6 6—Armhole.....
17-17—Thickness of arm.....
16-16—Around waist.....
19-20—Shoulder measure.....
—Length of garment.....
Amount enclosed.....
Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Correspondence.

Questions on Dressmaking, the Home, Health, or any other matter our readers desire information on will be cheerfully answered through this page, or by letter if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Mabel O.—Coats are no harder to make than waists, if you have a good pattern. No. 61 of this issue will be suitable for you. If you decide on velvet, make the stitched bands of black broad-cloth; if you use silk, I would recommend Peau de Soie, it is very soft and durable and will look rich trimmed with stitched folds of satin. I would advise a detachable lining of quilted satin, which you can replace with one of thin silk in the spring.

Young Bride.—By all means make two little jackets for your trousseau, one of peau de crêpe silk and the other of Viyella, or cashmere. You will find charming patterns and quite easy to make in Nos. 63 and 47 of this issue.

Mrs. Alex. B.—I cannot suggest anything better for your little boy than the cosy little coat No. 30 given in the November issue on page 54. It is so simple and economical, and by allowing good turnings and deep hems you can let it down next year.

Miss V.—A warm knitted blouse waist or Norfolk jacket would be excellent to wear under your cravenette coat, and less cumbersome than your "little coat with large sleeves." These knitted sweaters can be bought at very reasonable prices and are quite correct for street wear without a coat.

Mrs. N., of Ohio—I will look up a pattern that will meet your need, and mail it within a few days. We appreciate your confidence; felt sure the material would please you.

Mrs. O., Neb.—As you cannot endure stiff corsets try the Ferris or Equipose waist, and have the linings of your waists featherboned: this makes a neat figure and yet is quite easy.

"Wrinkles."—Do not despair, they can be got rid of, and kept at bay if you will take a little trouble and persevere. I cannot give particulars in this column, but will mail you directions if you send me stamped addressed envelope.

The New Snap-Button that "Holds Fast"

For women's and children's garments. Sews on. Saves making buttonholes. Securely fastens yawning plackets. Children dress themselves. Endorsed by leading Dressmakers and Tailors. Ask Dealer. Send 10 cents for dozen, or 3 dozen or 25 cents, postpaid.

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DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents.

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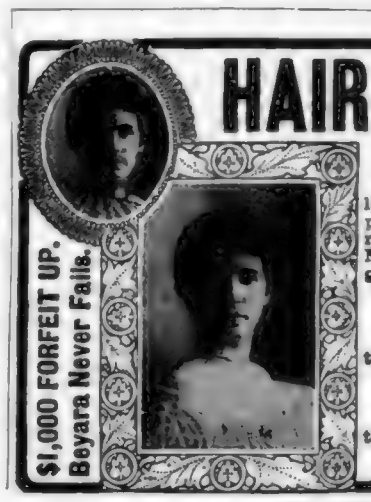

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AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.

Pinned paper patterns of above illustrations—Girls' Dresses $1.50; **A544** Child's Dress $1.00.
Cut to measure, each 50 cts. extra.

A540. Navy blue cashmere dress for girl (6 to 10 years), trimmed with bands of pale blue edged with tiny frill and loops of satin ribbon. Blouse cut with drop yoke extending down front with plaits on either side. Full sleeve with narrow cuff and ruffle. Skirt cut in scallops with gathered flounce.

A541. Dress of checked silk for girl (7 to 10 years), full blouse with drop yoke, the silk laid in folds, trimmed with applique lace and velvet ribbon, and finished with deep lace ruffle falling over shoulder. Elbow sleeve and gathered skirt, trimmed with three rows of velvet and lace medallions. High girdle.

A542. Taffeta silk dress for girl (8 to 12 years), blouse with V-shaped plaited vest. Drop yoke of lace, with points interlaced with ribbon and caught down with fancy buttons. Fullness of blouse and sleeve laid in plaits at yoke. Lace cuff. Skirt tucked at belt. Deep tucks at bottom, with band of lace insertion between.

A543. Party gown of pink silk muslin, cut low necked with low shoulder effect, and high girdle. Elbow sleeve formed by three ruffles. Trimming of tiny frills of same material and bows of Liberty satin ribbon. Full gathered skirt trimmed with three ruffles, edged with frills, and caught up on sides with bows of ribbon.

A544.—Child's dress of white mohair. Full blouse with yoke deep over shoulder and extending down front; edged with narrow silk feather-stitched braid and narrow ruffle. Short puff sleeve, tucked, with ruffle finish. Gathered skirt, tucked around bottom with panel front.

McDowell's Practical Lesson in Dresscutting

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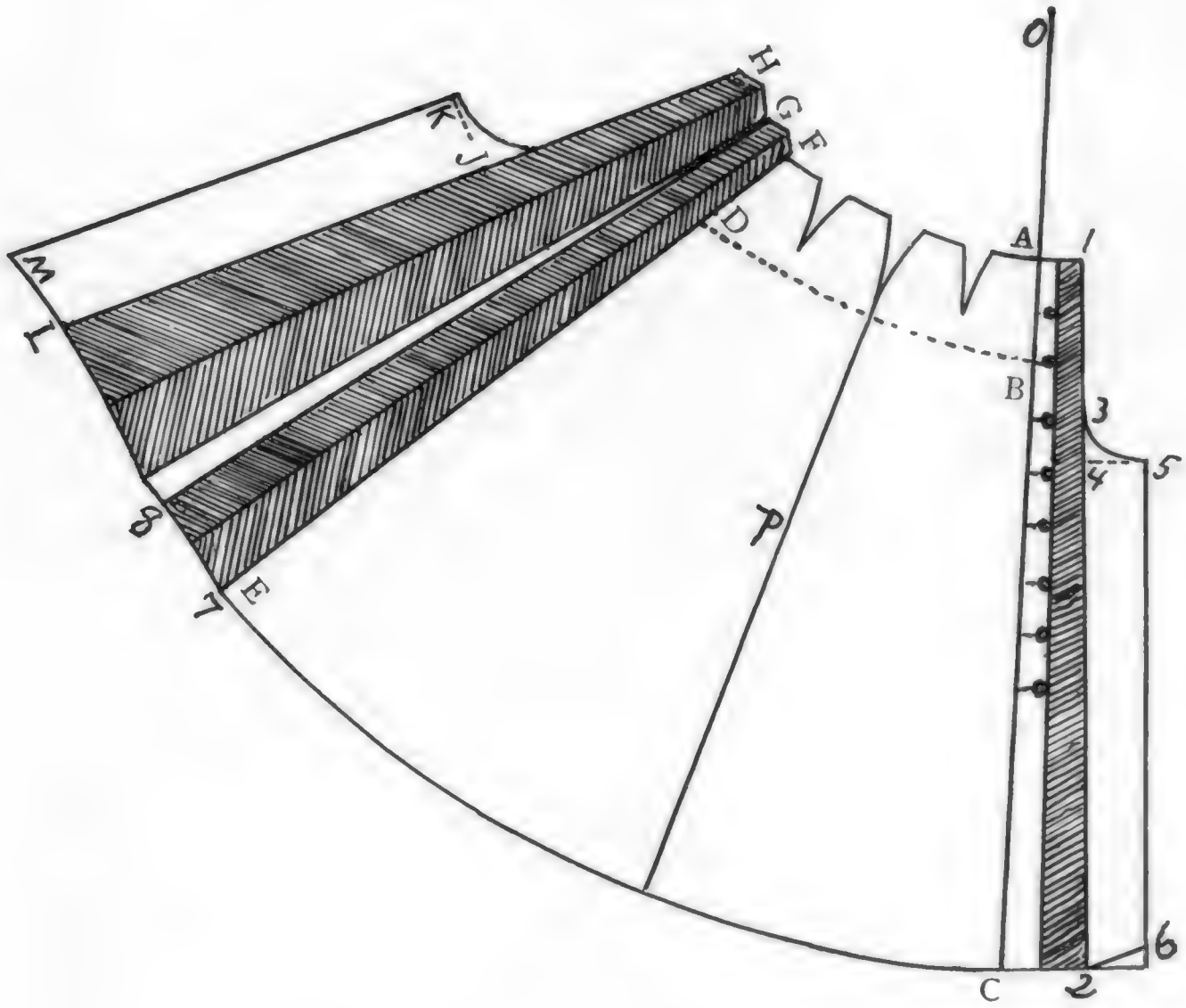
DIVIDED SADDLE SKIRT.



The measures for this skirt are as follows: Waist 24, hip 42, front, side, and back length 40, and the rise 12-inch.

The measures are taken in the regular way, except the rise, and to get this correct the lady can sit on a chair, and you measure from the seat of the chair up along the hip to the waist-line and you will obtain the rise.

Draw line O C. Measure down from O, 20-inch to A, from A measure down 5-inch to B, and continue to measure down to C, the front length this time 40-inch. You may now place the end of your tape-line at O, using that point as a pivot and sweep a curved line from A for the waist-line, from B for the hip-line, and from C for the bottom of the skirt. From B to D is one-half of the hip measure, this time 21-inch, C to E is once and a quarter of the full hip measure; draw a line from E through D and establish F on the waist-line. Measure from F to A and the difference between this amount and one-half the waist measure must come out in darts; from A to 1 is 2½ inches, and from C to 2 is 5 inches. This material from A to 1 and C to 2 is to be laid back into a pleat, the pleat being divided equally between these points as shown by the diagram.

From 1 to 3 is the rise; this time 12 inches; from 3 to 4, 4 to 5, and 2 to 6 is each ⅛ of half of the hip measure. From a curved line from 3 to 5 as shown in the draft. Line O is the centre of the front; buttons are sewn on the left side, and button-holes made on the right side; when off the horse the front is closed by buttoning.

F to G at the back is a pleat about 2½ inches at the top and 6 inches at the bottom; at 8 a space of about 1½ inches is left, and then another pleat is laid; from H to J is 3 inches more than the rise. J to K and L to M is ¼ of half the hip measure; draw a line from K to M; from K to M must be the same distance as from 5 to 6.

In laying the pattern on the material lay line P on the open crease of the goods and only a small gore will have to be added at the back, which will come under the pleats and does not show. Always use 54-inch goods, as it will cut to much better advantage.

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The success and approbation accorded our Fur Scarf premiums of previous seasons, together with the many letters of inquiry requesting similar premiums for this season, have induced us to repeat our gigantic premium offer of last year, and to add to it an even more extensive selection of choice and fashionable furs. Any one of these are worth ten times the effort that will be required of you to obtain the desired number of subscriptions to get a fur scarf **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Countless letters in our office testify to the high appreciation that our premiums have met with on all sides, and we are confident that in offering these attractive furs, we will meet with popular approval and success.

No. 180. Zitha Black Lynx scarf, 50 inches long, including cluster of two tails, **absolutely free for THREE yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.**

No. 200. Scarf of rich Electric Seal, 50 inches long including cluster of three tails, **absolutely free for SIX yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.**

No. 218. Imperial Scarf of rich Electric Seal, 85 inches long including cluster of three tails, **absolutely free for TEN yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.** Scarf has silk cord with fur trimmings.

No. 690. French black Lynx Scarf, 100 inches long including cluster of three tails, collar lined, silk cord with tail trimmings, **absolutely free for TWELVE yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.**

No. 901. Imperial Scarf of French Isabella lined, 100 inches long, including cluster of three tails, silk cord with tail trimmings, **absolutely free for FIFTEEN yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.**

No. 119. Black Marten Storm Collar, 130 inches long including tails with fancified cluster of tails and buckle, **absolutely free for THIRTY yearly subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at $1.00 each.**

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 853 Broadway, New York City

Pictorial Review Patterns

—The only ready-made patterns which enable the novice and amateur dressmaker to fit the irregular figure as perfectly as the normal. They give not only a perfect fit for a perfect figure; but a perfect fit for any figure

Pictorial Review Patterns are the only patterns published at a popular price in which the waist and coats, and jackets are built on French models with the dart seam extending to shoulder in front and the side-body seam extending to shoulder in back. Giving not only the most graceful lines to every figure; but producing a perfect fit for any figure without calling for any special skill on the part of the user, since the dart seam to shoulder at front and the side-body seam to the shoulder at back afford the means whereby the width of chest and bust may be increased or lessened and the width of the back may be made narrow or broader without affecting the contour or armhole or neck or waist-line, and without destroying the artistic lines of the pattern.

In other words it enables the woman with stooping shoulders, who has a narrow chest and broad back, and the woman with large bust and chest with narrow back to attain the same perfection of fit as the woman whose figure is in perfect proportion.

Pictorial Review Patterns are the only patterns, the skirts of which the amateur and home dressmaker can rely upon to hang correctly without the need of an experienced fitter and draper. They are cut from imported models sent us by our Paris House and are superior to any skirt patterns published on this side of the Atlantic.

Special Offer The choice of any Flat Tissue Paper Pattern given free with your subscription to
PICTORIAL REVIEW
if sent direct to us
Pattern must be ordered when you send your subscription in—otherwise it will not be sent free.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 40.

LADIES' SEVEN-GORE SKIRT with three Inverted Plaits at each gore. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch Waist. Requires 9⅛ yds. 22 in., 9 yds. 27 in., or 4 yds. 54 in. for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN NO. 41.

LADIES' EQUESTRIAN JACKET in Military effect with Postillion Back. Cut in 5 sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. Bust. Requires 2½ yds. 27 in., 2 yds. 36 in., or 1¼ yds. 54 in. goods.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 42.

LADIES' KIMONA or Lounging Jacket. Cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. Bust. Requires 4⅛ yds. 27 in. or 3 yds. 36 in. goods for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 45.

LADIES' PLAITED BLOUSE with Applied Stole Yoke in Drop Shoulder effect. Cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. Bust. Requires 4¼ yds. 22 in., 3⅞ yds. 27 in., or 1⅞ yds. 54 in. goods for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 38.

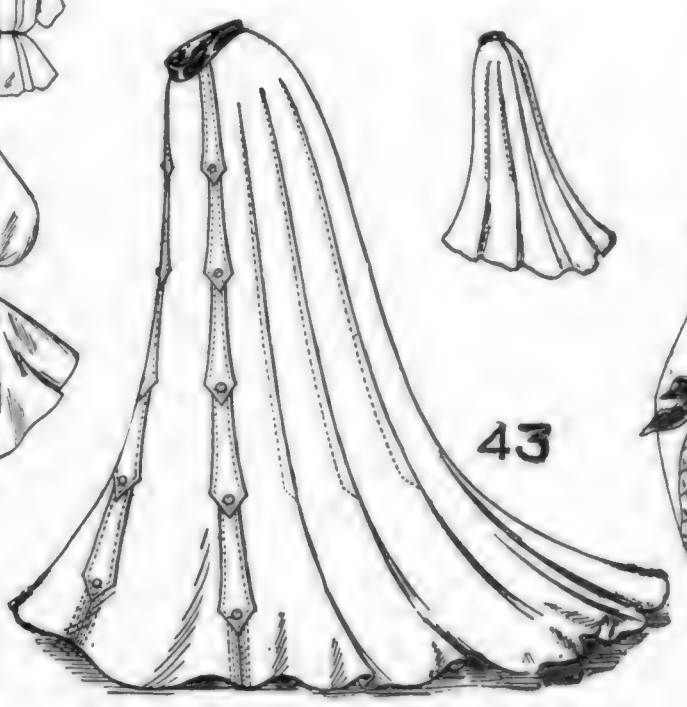
LITTLE GIRLS' TUCKED FRENCH DRESS, lined or unlined. Cut in 6 sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. Five year size requires 4⅜ yds. of 27 in., 3½ yds. 36 in., or 3 yds. 54 in. goods.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 44.

CHILD'S DRESS, consisting of Box-Plaited Blouse with Sailor Collar and gathered Circular Skirt; 3 sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years. Requires 5½ yds. of 27 in., 4 yds. 36 in., or 2½ yds. 54 in. material for four year size.

Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 43.

LADIES' FLARE SKIRT, Plaited in Yoke and Panel effect. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist. Requires 6⅝ yds. 27 in., 5¾ yds. 36 in., or 4⅛ yds. 54 in. goods for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 47.

LADIES' AND MISSES' TEA JACKET, 3 sizes for Misses, 12, 14 and 16 years; 5 sizes for Ladies, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 Bust. Requires 4⅝ yds. 27 in., 4⅛ yds. 36 in., or 2⅜ yds. 54 in. goods for medium size.

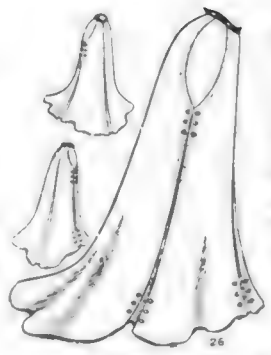
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN NO. 3.

INFANTS' CLOAK, with Circular Cape and Circular Back, with or without a centre seam. Made in one size only. Material required: 4⅜ yds. 27 in., or 2¾ yds. 44 in., or 2⅜ yds. 50 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 15.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST, Tucked in Yoke effect, with Shoulder Trimming of Shaped Bands. Cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 in. Bust measure. The medium size requires 4½ yds. 27 in. material, or 3 yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

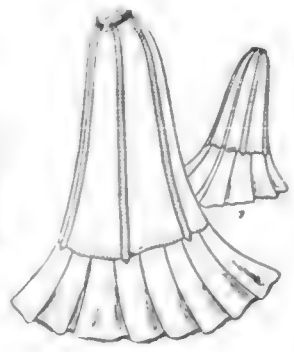


PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 26.

LADIES' DRESS SKIRT, with Hip Empiecement at Sides and Inverted Box-Plaits at front, sides and back. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires 6¼ yds. of 27 in. material, or 5⅛ yds. 36 in., or 3⅝ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 7.

LADIES' SEVEN-GORED FLARE SKIRT, with Plaited Shaped Flounce in Sweep or Round Length. Cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 in. Waist, 40 to 50 in. Hip. The medium size requires 13 yds. 22 in., or 6⅝ yds. 44 in., or 5⅛ yds. 54 in. material.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 17.

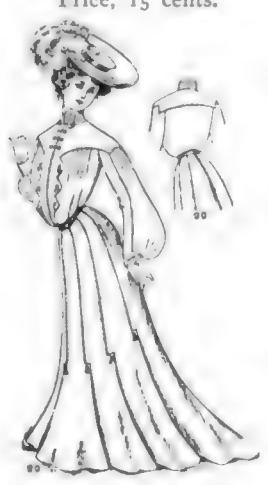
LADIES' BOX-PLAITED SHIRT WAIST,, with yoke effect Collar. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inch Bust measure. The medium size requires 4¼ yds. 27 in. material, or 3¼ yds. of 36 in., or 2⅛ yds. of 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 27.

BOYS' BLOUSE SUIT, opening under Box-Plait in front, with Separate Skirt and Knickerbockers. Cut in 3 sizes, 3, 4 and 5 years, requiring 4 yds. 27 in. material, or 2 yds. 54 in. and ⅝ yd. lining.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 8.

CHILD'S DRESS, cut in 6 sizes, 2 to 7 years. Material required for 4 year size: 3⅛ yds. 27 in., or 2⅜ yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 44 in.
Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN NO. 20.

LADIES' STREET COSTUME, with Tucked Blouse in Drop Shoulder effect, and Eleven-Gore Skirt with Inverted Plaits at Flare and at Back. Trimmed with Tasseled Ornaments. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 16 yds. 22 in. material, or 10½ yds. 36 in., or 6½ yds. 54 in.
Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN NO. 28.

MISSES' BLOUSE COSTUME, with "V" Front Drop Shoulder Yoke effect. Open front or back, with Inverted Box-Plaited Circular Skirt. Cut in 4 sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. The medium size requires 7½ yds. 27 in. material, or 6¼ of 36 in., or 2⅛ yds. of 54 in.
Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 10.

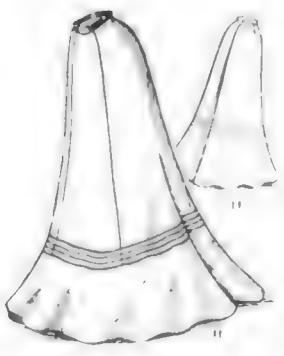
LADIES' CORSET COAT OR JACKET, in either of two lengths. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 in. Bust measure. The medium size requires 4¾ yds. 27 in. material, 2⅞ yds. 44 in., 2⅛ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 21.

LADIES' SKIRT, with Inverted Box-Plaited Flounce and Inverted Plait Back. Cut in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 in. Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 50 inches Hip measure. The medium size requires 8¼ yds. of 27 in. material, or 5¾ yds. 36 in., or 4½ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 29.

MISSES' COSTUME, with lined or unlined Military Shield Front Blouse and Circular Skirt tucked in Panel effect, with front panel and shaped flounce in one piece. Cut in 4 sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The medium size requires 6 yds. of 27 in. material, or 4¾ yds. 36 in., or 2½ yds. 54 in., and 1½ yds. lining.
Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 11.

LADIES' FIVE-GORED SKIRT, with Graduated Flounce. Cut in 5 sizes 22 to 30 in. Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 48 in. Hip measure. The medium size requires 10¾ yds. 22 in. material, or 7⅛ of 36 in., or 6½ 44 in., or 4⅝ of 54 in.
Price, 15 Cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 23.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT, with one-piece Yoke and Panel Front, and Graduated Circular Flounce from Sides. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches Waist measure, corresponding to 40 to 48 inches Hip measure. The medium size requires 5¼ yds. 27 in. material, or 5 yds. 36 in., or 2⅜ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 30.

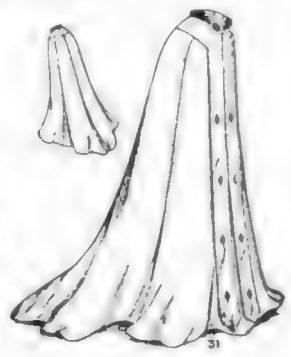
BOY'S RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT, with Knickerbocker Trousers. Cut in 4 sizes, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. The medium size requires 3 yds. of 27 in. material or 1⅝ yds. 54 in., and ⅝ yd. lining.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 12.

LADIES' SEVEN-GORE FLARE WALKING SKIRT, with Inverted or Outside Box-Plait at Center Back. Cut in 6 sizes, from 22 to 32 in. Waist measure, and 40 to 50 in. Hip measure; 3¾ yds. wide at bottom. Medium size requires 3¾ yds. 36 in. material, or 3⅛ yds. 44 in., or 2⅞ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 24.

LADIES' WALKING SUIT, with Epaulette Coat in Military effect, and Nine-Gore Skirt in Walking Length. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 9⅞ yds. of 27 in. material, or 7¾ yds. 36 in., or 5¾ yds. 54 in.
Price, 25 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 31.

LADIES' YOKE AND PANEL FRONT SKIRT, with Inverted box-plaits at seams and back. Cut in 4 sizes, 22, 24, 26, and 28 inches Waist measure. The medium size requires 7⅞ yds. of 27 in. material, or 7 yds. of 36 in., or 4½ yds. of 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 14.

LADIES' BOX-PLAITED SHIRT WAIST, with applied yoke in Drop Shoulder effect. Cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The medium size requires 3½ yds. 27 in. material, or 2⅝ yds. 36 in., or 1⅝ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 25.

LADIES' WALKING SUIT, with Double-Breasted Military Coat and Nine-Gore Walking Skirt. Cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches Bust measure. The medium size requires 9⅞ yds. of 27 in. material or 7¾ yds. 36 in., or 5¾ yds. 54 in.
Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 32.

LADIES' PANELLED YOKE, Diagonal Seam Five-Gored Skirt with Inverted Plaits at Seams and Back. Cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 in. Waist measure. The medium size requires 10½ yards of 27 in. material or 7 yds. of 36 in., or 5⅛ yds. 54 in.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 59.

GIRLS' RUSSIAN FROCK; 4 sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Requires 3¼ yds. 27 in., or 3⅜ yds. 36 in. goods for 6 year size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 48.

LADIES' NINE-GORED WALKING SKIRT, with Trimming of Stitched Bands; 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 in. Requires 7¾ yds. 27 in., 6 yds. 36 in., or 3½ yds. 54 in. goods for medium size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 56.

LADIES' HOUSE WRAPPER in Dip or Round Length; 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. Bust. Requires 10 yds. 27 in., 7⅛ yds. 36 in., or 6 yds. 44 in. goods for medium size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 52.

MISSES' SCHOOL DRESS with Drop Shoulder Applied Yoke Blouse, and Five-Gored Skirt; 4 sizes, 8, 10, 12 and 14 yrs. Requires 5¼ yds. 27 in., 4¼ yds. 36 in., or 2⅜ yds. 54 in. for 12 year size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 53.

CHILD'S FRENCH DRESS, with Fancy Drop Shoulder Applied Yoke and Empiecement on Skirt; 3 sizes, 3, 5 and 7 years. Requires 4⅝ yds. 27 in., 4⅛ yd. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 54 in. for 5 year size.
Price, 15 cents.

To get best results from these patterns you should read Pictorial Review through and through. Not only this month, but every month. It's worth its weight in dollars to the woman who wants to keep abreast of the fashions without being swamped by expense.

Full and explicit instructions for making are printed on all these patterns.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 50.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST in new Military effect with Drop Shoulder Applied Yoke; 5 sizes, 32, 34 36, 38 and 40 in. Bust. Requires 4 yds. 22 in., 3½ yds. 27 in., or 2 yds. 54 in for medium size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 55.

LADIES' HOUSE GOWN, with Fitted Back and Half-tight Front; 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 in. Bust. Requires 11 yds. 27 in., 9½ yds. 32 in., 5¾ yds. 44 in. goods for medium size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 54.

LADIES' BLOUSE SHIRT with Applied Yoke in Drop Shoulder Effect; 5 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 in. Bust. Requires 3⅞ yds. 22 in., 3½ yds. 27 in., or 2⅛ yds. 54 in goods for medium size.
Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 51.

MISSES' STREET DRESS, Consisting of Trimmed Blouse and Skirt with Shaped Flounce in Vandyke Points; 5 sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Requires 5¼ yds. 27 in., 4⅞ yds. 36 in., 2¾ yds. 54 in. for 10 year size.
Price, 15 cents.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS, NOS. 73 and 74.

LADIES' COSTUME, Consisting of No. 73 Ladies' extra long Coat with or without triple capes over shoulder, and No. 74 Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt with two shaped flounces. Sizes 32 to 40 Bust, corresponding to sizes 20 to 28 Waist measure. Requires 6¼ yds. 27 in., 5¼ yds. 36 in., or 3¼ yds. 54 in. for Coat, and 8¾ yds. 27 in., 6¼ yds. 36 in., or 4⅛ yds. 54 in. for Skirt, in medium size.

Coat, 15 cents. Skirt, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS, NOS. 71 and 72.

LADIES' COSTUME, Consisting of No. 71 Ladies' Coat with double cape collar effect, and No. 72 Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt. Sizes 32 to 40 Bust, corresponding to skirt sizes 20 to 28 Waist measure. Requires 5 yds. 27 in., 4 yds. 36 in., or 2½ yds. 54 in. for Coat and 7¾ yds. 27 in., 5¾ yds. 36 in., or 4⅛ yds. 54 in. for Skirt in medium size.

Coat, 15 cents. Skirt, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 69.

GIRLS' AND CHILD'S COAT in full or three-quarter length. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years. Requires 3½ yds. 27 in., or 1¾ yds. 54 in. goods for 5 year size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 65.

GIRLS' TUCKED DRESS, with Panel Front Skirt; 8 sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14 years. Requires 4 yds. 27 in., or 3¼ yds. 36 in. for 5 year size, and 6½ yds. 27 in., or 5 yds. 36 in. goods for 14 year size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 61.

LADIES' DRESS COAT, with or without Havelock Capes and in either of three lengths; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 Bust. Requires 9¾ yds. 27 in., 6¼ yds. 36 in., or 4½ yds. 54 in. for medium size. Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 62.

LADIES' LONG ULSTER OR STORM COAT, with or without Havelock Capes; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 Bust. Requires 7¾ yds. 36 in., or 5 yds. 54 in. material for medium size.

Price, 25 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 63.

LADIES' AND MISSES' BREAKFAST JACKET; 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. Bust. Requires 4¼ yds. 27 in., 4 yds. 36 in., or 2⅜ yds. 54 in. goods for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 64.

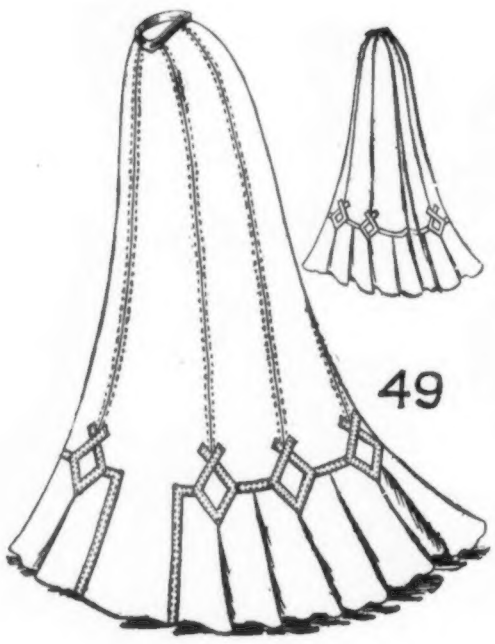
CHILD'S YOKE DRESS; 3 sizes, 2, 4 and 6 years. Requires 2¾ yds. 27 in., 2½ yds. 36 in., or 2¼ yds. 40 in. for 6 year size.

Price, 10 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 70.

MISSES' COAT with Shoulder Capes in Shoe-top or Three-quarter Length. Sizes 13, 14, 15 and 16 years. Requires 6½ yds. 27 in., or 3¼ yds. 54 in. goods for 14 year size.

Price, 15 cents.



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 49.

LADIES' NINE-GORED SKIRT, with Panel Front, and Plaited Shaped Flounce at Sides and Back; 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 in. Waist. Requires 8¾ yds. 27 in., 6½ yds. 36 in., or 3¾ yds. 54 in. for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 66.

LADIES' PLAIN SHIRT WAIST, with French Back, and with or without a fitted lining; sizes 32 to 44 Bust. Requires 3¾ yds. 21 in., 3⅝ yds. 27 in., or 2 yds. 44 in. goods for medium size.

Price, 15 cents.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN, NO. 67.

BOYS' FLANNEL BLOUSE with Removable Collar. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Requires 3 yds. 27 in., or 2½ yds. 32 in. goods for 6 year size.

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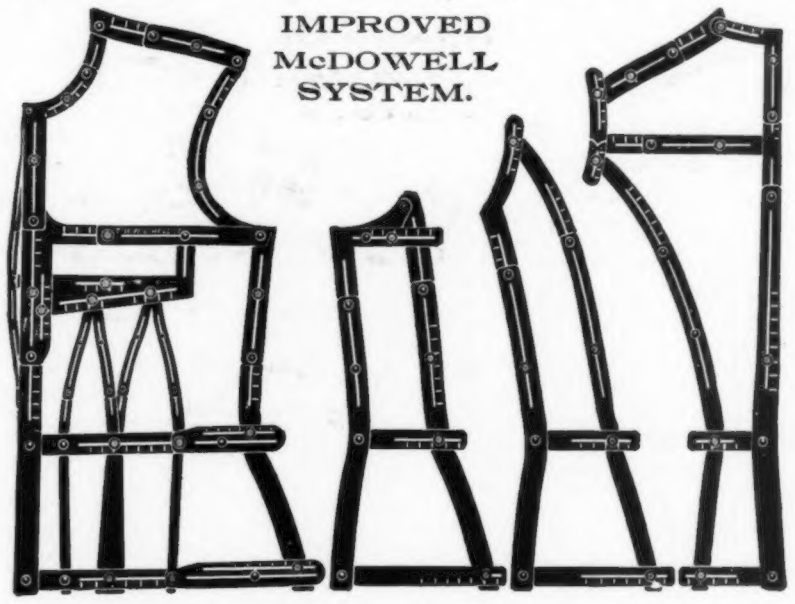

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